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ESTIMATED 4500 WILL REGISTER IN THE COUNTY

Sheriff Yarnell Calls Election Officers to Make Registration.

FIRST DRAFT ABOUT 200

Figured that One-twentieth of Number Registered will be Required for County's Quota Exclusive of Troop L and Boal Gun Troop.

June 5th having been fixed as registration day for military service Sheriff Yarnell will in the next day or two announce the appointment of registrars for Centre County. The Sheriff was in Harrisburg on Tuesday to attend a conference of Sheriffs and Mayors called by Governor Brumbaugh to discuss details in regard to registration. There will be one or more registrars for each ward and voting precinct in the county. Those who do not serve as volunteers will be paid $4 for the one day. Registration hours will be from 7 A. M. until 9 P. M. On the following day registrars will be required to deliver in person their reports to the Sheriff. The latter will in turn forward the lists to the Governor, at Harrisburg.

It is figured that Centre County will register upward of 4500 young men, aged between 21 and 30. For an army of 500,000 it is calculated that about one-twentieth of the total registration will be drafted. If this basis for calculation is correct Centre County will be called on for about 225 or 250 men for the first army of 500,000. This will be exclusive of Troop L, of Bellefonte, and the Boal Mounted Machine Gun Troop, of Boalsburg.

It is unofficially stated that the men drafted into service will not be called until about September 1st. They will then be assembled in mobilization camps for training. It was announced on Tuesday from Harrisburg that National Guard troops will be called about July 15th, but will not be ordered to mobilization camps. It was stated that they would remain at home for two weeks for instruction and then be ordered to concentration camps in the southeastern district, probably Charleston.

Unless there is a change in present plans, there is little likelihood of Bellefonte's cavalry troop and the Boal gun troop going to France. The trend of all Washington despatches is that cavalry is not needed abroad, for the present at least.

Sheriff Yarnell has received quite a number of applications from citizens volunteering to serve as registrars on June 5th. Some sections of the county have produced few if any volunteers thus far, while others are represented by more than may be used. There will be a registration board for the county, to be composed of the Sheriff, as the executive head, and the County Clerk and County Physician. Supposedly the County Clerk will be interpreted to be Commissioner D. A. Grove and the County Physician to be Dr. S. M. Huff.

After the registration is completed and the lists forwarded to Washington, also announcement made as to the number of drafted men required from Centre County, those selected will have to submit themselves to physical examination. A certain percentage will be dropped and new ones selected until the desired quota is secured. Military men advance the belief that of the estimated 4500 likely to be registered in Centre County possibly 600 or 700, if not more, will be eliminated for lack of military qualification, occupation, etc. Farmers and young men employed in munition plants will be required to register but probably will not be designated for draft. The same applies to married men who have dependents and also persons pronounced by registrars to be undesirables. Even the prisoners in penitentaries and jails will be registered, although they would be called only in case of extreme emergency.

Epidemic of Measles.

Bellefonte is now experiencing quite a severe epidemic of measles. Nearly every street has about three or four placards on houses announcing the disease. Among them are Harry Rearick, W. S. Mallalieu, Orrie Kline, Blain Mabus, J. K. Johnston, Frank Sasserman, William Bottorf, Dr. H. E. Thornley, Mr. McDonald, Harry Rossman, Fred Haupt, Sim Baum, Milton Straub and W. D. Meyer. Fifteen houses have been quarantined.

The P. O. S. A., of Bellefonte, has employed the Boy's Band, of Milesburg, for the G. A. R. parade on Decoration Day.

JUNE 6 ANNOUNCED AS DATE FOR CONSCRIPTION

President Wilson Directs Registration of All Between 21 and 30.

TURN DOWN ROOSEVELT

Wilson and Advisers Reject Colonel's Request to go to France With Division of Volunteers—To Send Regulars and Marines.

President Wilson Friday night ordered an expeditionary force of American troops to the trenches in France. In signing the conscription bill which provided for recruiting an army of 500,000 by selective draft, the President rejected the volunteer division offered by Colonel Roosevelt for service in France and he directed the war department to prepare a force of 25,000 regulars for immediate despatch to the battle front. They will be the flower of the army and will be led by General Pershing—"Black Jack"—as he is known in the camps and cantonments of the Philippines and along the Rio Grande. General Pershing, accompanied by his headquarters staff, will proceed to France at once. His command will follow as fast as their organizations are effected and equipment and transportation provided.

Other troops to reinforce them will be sent as soon as advisable. The national guard was ordered into the federal service, the mustering to take place July 15th, July 25th and August 5th, respectively. The President late Friday night issued a proclamation setting June 5th, as the date for registration of all men between the ages of 21 and 30 for military service. Out of the ten million who will register 500,000 will be selected for training to begin September 1st.

The guard units to be mustered into the regular service on July 15th, include those of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Maryland and Virginia regiments will be among those mustered in on July 25th.

All the national guard coast artillery will be drafted on July 25th.

Many questions are asked daily at the war department concerning the registration of traveling men and other absentees. On the sixth day after the date of the President's proclamation any one subject to registration who expects to be absent from his home on registration day should go to the clerk of the county where he may be staying. If he is in a city of over 30,000 population the city clerk is the official to whom to apply. The absentee will be told how to register and a registration card will be filled out. This card must be mailed by the absentee so as to reach the registrar of his home precinct by registration day. The clerk to whom the absentee applies is not empowered to issue a registration certificate This is issued by the registrar in his home precinct.

Persons too sick for registration must send a competent person to the county or city clerk on the sixth day after the date of the President's proclamation. The clerk will give instruction for registration.

Boiler Inspector Named.

N. J. Rishel, of Oak Hall, foreman for Isaac Underwood's engine and boiler repair works, Bellefonte, has successfully passed the state examination and will be appointed inspector of boilers in this district. He will inspect agricultural and saw mills which will be a great convenience to owners of boilers. The appointment was made at the solicitation of the Threshermen and Farmer's Protective Association under whose direction Mr. Rishel will be employed. Any person paying the nominal initiation fee may have all the privileges of the association. Further information may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Isaac Underwood, Bellefonte.

Automobile Accident.

Sunday was a great day for automobilists. The roads in every direction were swarming with the horseless vehicles. About 2.15 o'clock a large touring car was on its way to Centre Hall, and when half-way down the mountain the driver lost control of the machine and it went through the guard rail, alongside of the road, and went considerable distance down the side of the mountain and a more serious accident was prevented by the auto striking a tree. It was filled with pleasure seekers, but fortunately none were injured.

Albert Mattern Instantly Killed.

Albert Mattern, well known at Baileyville, was killed instantly Sunday night in an automobile accident.

To All Male Persons of Centre County.
A PROCLAMATION.

By order and direction of the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, I George H. Yarnell, High Sheriff of Centre County, do hereby direct the election officers, constables and registration officers of each election district of this county to appear at the voting place of their respective districts on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, A. D. 1917, for the purpose of registering each male person of the County between the ages of 21 and 30 both inclusive from the hours of 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. as the Act of Congress provided.

GEORGE H. YARNELL,
High Sheriff of Centre County.

COUNCIL MEETING

Plumbers who Violate Borough Ordinance will be Fined $25.

Quite an interesting session of the Bellefonte Council was held Monday evening in City Hall presided over by president John S. Walker. Following the reading of the minutes of the preceeding meeting by Clerk William Kelly, Burgess Blanchard was on the floor again urging that there should be more definite effort made to give the people some protection with regard to a fire alarm. It was ordered that the electric alarm, sent here some time ago by C. A. Stiles, of Scranton, should be taken to an elevated place in the town and put in position for a thorough trial. Mr. Stiles will then come and make the necessary test. He claims that if the siren is placed where it has no obstructions it can be heard distinctly for two miles away. Mrs. R. S. Brouse was present and asked that the alley back of her residence be placed in better conditon. Hard Harris, chairman of the Street Committee, stated the alley was too narrow at the point in dispute to make a good job. The matter however, will receive attention. Col. Emanuel Noll asked for the regular appropriation to be used in assisting the old soldiers in paiyng the Memorial Day expenses. On account of the high cost of flags this year the appropriation was increased from $25 to $30. On the recommendation of Mayor Blanchard the guard at the reservoir was discontinued thus saving $65 a month.

On the recommendation of Chairman Hard Harris the wages of the men who work on the street were increased to 19 and 22½ cents an hour. James Seibert, chairman of the Water Committee, claimed that the pump at the Pheonix station had been out of order during the past week but it was due to carelessness on the part of the State Centre Electric Light Co. On account of nobody being at the station the belt become hot and stretched which was the cause of it not working. He stated if it was properly looked after there would be no trouble. He also claimed that on several recent occasions water was pumped to the reservoir until the water run over the sides of the wall, causing more or less damage.

There is a borough ordinance that requires all the plumbers in Bellefonte to report to Council all new work and repairs made in houses in the borough so that the property owners can be properly taxed. Mr. Seibert claimed that the only man who did his duty in this respect was Archie Allison. There have been bath tubs and even full plumbing equipment placed in houses by other plumbers and nothing said about it, thus no taxex were derived from these sources for several years. Council decided that the plumbers who hereafter violate this ordinance would be fined $25.

The annual water appeal was set for tomorrow (Friday) evening, at 7 o'clock. It will be held in the Council Chamber, on east Howard street. Chairman Harry Flack, of the Fire and Police Committee reported a check from Burgess Blanchhard of $12.50 for fines and licenses. Dr. Brockerhoff, chairman of the Finance Committee, asked for a renewal of a note for $2000 and $50 interest paid. M. R. Johnston appeared and gave an estimate as to the cost of a monument to be placed in the centre of the Diamond for the purpose of regulating automobiles on occasions like Saturday night when the streets become congested. A monument in granite would cost from $175 to $200. President Walker thought that anything permanent placed there would be an obstruction and the borough would be liable in case of an accident. It should be made of wood so that anybody running against it it would be thrown down. The matter was referred to the Solicitor and Fire and Police Committee. The ordinance for selling the property of the Pruner Orphanage in Tyrone was held over until there is a full meeting of Council.

It was decided that the Special Committe of Council should interview Mr. Thompson, manager of the State Centre Electric Co. with reference to the company throwing up the contract for pumping the water to supply the borough. If it is found necessary a special meeting of Council will be called.

FATHER McARDLE'S WILL

Priest of Bellefonte Parish Leaves Entire Estate to St. John's Church.

The will of the late Rev. Patrick McArdle, recently submitted for probate, reveals that the venerable priest provided that his entire estate should be devoted to paying off a mortgage on the church property and such balance as might remain be applied to local church purposes. The estate is composed of cash in bank, $1,000 life insurance and about $7,000 in Pennsylvania Railroad and United States Steel preferred stocks. The estate is appraised at something over $10,000.

After directing that his just debts be paid the will bequeathes $1,000 for masses for the repose of the soul of the late priest, $300 to be paid to Father McArdle's successor or successors in the Bellefonte parish, $300 to the Bishop of Altoona and $400 to the Bishop of Altoona for such distribution as he may please, it being stipulated that such masses be said as soon as possible. The sum of $500 is set aside for a monument and $100 for a railing at the McArdle plot in the Catholic cemetery.

To a sister, Ellen, the will bequeathed $1,000. She died in Ireland last March and the money therefore reverts to the estate.

The will after disposing of the above mentioned features directs that the sum of $4,000 be devoted to the payment of the mortgage on the church property here. This mortgage amounts to $3,800. Disposing of the remainder of the estate the will directs that "after said balance is paid and mortgage wiped out whatever remains shall be devoted to the interests of the Parish considered best in the judgment of Pastor and his consultors."

The will was signed June 6th, 1902 Since that time the executor named and both witnesses to the will have died. Father McArdle named the late Thomas A. Shoemaker as his executor, who was a close personal friend, and wrote into the will that "as testimony of my confidence in him do order and direct that he shall serve as such executor without giving bond or surety." The late Joseph Ceader and the late A. O. Furst were witnesses to the will. The entire document was in Father McArdle's handwriting.

Inasmuch as the estate is bequeathed to St. John's church in Bellefonte, and the executor named in the will is dead, the selection of an administrator automatically was placed in the hands of Bishop Garvey, of Altoona, in charge of the Altoona diocese of which the Bellefonte church is a part. Bishop Garvey has appointed Rev. Father John N. Cadori, of Johnstown, as administrator. Under the will the estate is to be converted into cash either at private or public sale.

Memorial Day Parade.

The following alignment for Memorial Day parade has been decided upon :

Boys Band, of Milesburg, Troop L, Fire Companies, P. O. S. of A., Spanish-War veterans, and veterans of the Civil War.

The school children will meet at High school building under the direction of Comrade Thomas Donachy and Mrs. Thomas Morgan and will join the parade at corner of Howard and Allegheny streets. Returning from cemetery to Court House the order will be reversed.

At the close of services the G. A. R. veterans will be tendered their annual reception by the B. P. O. E. Lodge No. 1094, from 4 p. m. to 6 p. m.

AMOS GARBRICK, Commander,
EMANUEL NOLL, Adjutant.

Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh, of Harrisburg, will preach in the auditorium to the Senior class at the Pennsylvania State College on Sunday, May 27th. The public is cordially invited to attend.

WOMAN HANGS HERSELF AT PINE GROVE MILLS

Ida Bowersox While in Despondent Mood Commits Suicide

SUFFERED ILL HEALTH

Unfortunate Woman, Who was Native of Millheim, Found Dead in Bed Room by Aged Parents Saturday—Strangled by Trunk Strap.

The quiet little hamlet of Pine Grove Mills, Centre county, was thrown into a fervor of excitement Saturday morning over the sad news that Ida Bowersox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowersox, had taken her life and had been found dead in her bedroom. During Friday night she had become despondent and in a moment when her reason failed took a strap from a trunk in her room and hanged herself from the bed post. In the early morning her parents, both of whom are over eighty years of age, heard her walking around in her room but paid no attention, because it was a frequent occurrence. She retired Friday night with no outward indication that anything was wrong, although she had suffered years from an incurable disease. In the morning she was called for breakfast but as she failed to appear her mother went to the room and found her dead from strangulation. She spent several years among friends in New York State and last winter suffered from a severe attack of grip. About one month ago she returned home and seemed to be getting along nicely.

She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowersox, who are among the most highly respected people in Centre County. She was born in Millheim, March 19th, 1865, and early in life was married to Andrew Long from whom she was divorced. To this union was born one son, Boyd Bowersox, who resides in Nebraska. The deceased was a member of the Lutheran church and did considerable religious work. She was a good, kind lady and had many friends who deeply regret her sad death.

Besides her aged and heart-broken parents she is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Harvey and Oscar and Mrs. J. B. Rockey, State College; Mrs. Thomas D. Gray, Watsontown; Elmer, Fort Worth Tex.; Dr. Frank Bowersox, Millheim; Mrs. G. E. Harper, Fairbrook; Edward Bowersox, Altoona; A. L. Bowersox, Pine Grove Mills; John G. Bowersox, Baileyville; Charles Weaver, Laurelton. The funeral was held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, Revs. Fleck and Stover officiating. Interment at Meek's church.

Crain—Funk.

A quiet wedding took place on Saturday, May the 19th, at 2.30 P. M., at the home of D. F. Funk, in Tyrone, Pa. The contracting parties were Mr. Winfield Scott Crain and Miss Ruth Alma Cowher, both of Port Matilda. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. H. Williams, pastor of the Methodist church of Spring Mills, Pa., who is a brother-in-law of the bride. The groom is one of Port Matilda's most successful business men, having been engaged for about the last ten years in the lumber business. The bride is one of Centre County's most successful school teachers. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Cowher, of Port Matilda, and is highly respected by all who know her.

Following the ceremony the bride and groom started on a ten days tour of the southern part of the state, and states adjoining, in their new Buick-six. They will be at home on their return at Port Matilda where the groom owns a fine brick home on Church Street. The guests present at the ceremony were Mrs. Geo. Givler and Miss Ella Cowher, of Tyrone, and Mrs. W. H. Williams, of Spring Mills, who are sisters of the bride; Mrs. D. F. Funk, of Tyrone, a sister of the groom; a sister-in-law of the groom, Mrs. C. W. Crain, of Port Matilda, and Master John Givler, of Tyrone. These young people have the best wishes of their many friends and acquaintances for a long happy voyage on the sea of matrimony.

No Booze to Soldiers.

Judge Bell issued an order on May 17th directing the attention of the license holders of Clearfield county in which he orders and directs that no licensee, retailer or wholesaler to sell or furnish intoxicants to any person in the military service of the United States.

Prothonotary Moore was ordered to supply each license holder with a copy of this order.

Advertise in "The Republican."

WOMAN CONVICTED OF BURNING MOTHER'S HOME

Mrs. Myrtle Fike is Pronounced Guilty by Jury on Tuesday.

FLATLY DENIED CHARGE

Young Woman Convicted on Circumstantial Evidence—Alleged She Fired House Near Axe Mann April 11th to Get Insurance.

Mrs. Myrtle Fike was found guilty by a jury of a charge of arson, following trial in court this week. The jury recommended her to the mercy of the Court. The young woman was accused of setting fire to the home of her mother, Mrs. Sallie Stover, near Axe Mann, on the night of April 11th, last. The motive for the deed, it was advanced, was to secure the fire insurance on the property. There was a policy for $500. There was also a mortgage for $300, leaving an equity of $200.

The facts in the case were published fully in The Republican at the time of Mrs. Fike's arrest. On the witness stand she denied causing the fire. The testimony was largely circumstantial, but apparently convinced the jury of her guilt and a verdict to that effect was returned.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Sumner Riddle, of Howard, was nolle prossed, eliminating from the record a trial that gave promise of sensational features. The loss of an important court record and other reasons were assigned for asking that the case be dropped. The charge of conspiracy against Riddle resulted from developments of the "black hand" charge against Paul Swartz, now serving a term in the penitentiary. Other cases disposed of in court during the week follow :

Haupt & Brown vs. George Rhoads and John L. Knisely, appeal; settled.

Kelley & Company vs. Kelley & Nugent; continued.

Stony Brook Slate & Brick Co. vs. Centre Brick & Clay guarantor, of United Brick & Clay Products Co. continued.

Joseph M. Brockerhoff vs. C. Y. Wagner; settled.

Joseph Brockerhoff and Mary Brockerhoff vs. C. Y. Wagner; settled.

Commonwealth vs. S. U. Harshbarger, prosecutor O. Perry Reese, charged, failure to pay over taxes, collector; settled.

Commonwealth vs. George Confer, charged with larceny, prosecutor H. D. Hannon, this case is from Howard and was settled.

Commonwealth vs. Ellis Hines, charged with involuntary manslaughter, prosecutor George W. Letterman. The facts of this case were fully published in this paper at the time of the accident; settled.

Commonwealth vs. Seeley Hardigan, furnishing liquor to man of intemperate habits, prosecutrix Julia Gross; the defendant plead guilty; sentenced to pa the costs, a fine of twenty-five dollars and sixty days in the county jail.

Commonwealth vs. F. J. Green charged with adultery and statutory rape prosecutrix, Talitha Matts; the Grand Jury ignored the bill, county to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs. John L. Davis, charged with furnishing liquor to minors. Prosecutrix Sarah J. Daughenbach, the defendant plead guilty

Commonwealth vs. H. A. Ellis, and Chester Weller, indicted for larceny prosecutor J. E. Clark; verdict of guilty.

The Academy Parade.

Remember tomorrow (Friday) evening the Bellefonte Academy minstrels will be the attraction at Garman's opera house. James R. Hughes is sparing neither money nor time to make this event surpass all previous events of the same character. The parade will be one of the leading features and will take place at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It will be headed by the State College band of twenty-five pieces which means the parade will be more attractive than that which advertises a regular minstrel troop. After you see the parade don't forget the show in the evening which will be elaborate in every detail. The chart was opened this Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

Farmers' Institutes.

The County Board of Farmers' Institute managers will meet at the County Commissioners' office on the second Tuesday of June 12th, to arrange for the places where Institutes are to be held this season. All of our people who desire Institutes ought to attend this meeting and present their claims.

ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO

One of the W. C. T U. Prize Essays by John Nason.

The following is a W. C. T. U. prize essay written by John Nason at the temperance contest held recently in the auditorium of the Bellefonte High School.

Alcohol is a colorless liquid having a disagreeable taste and an irritating odor. All intoxicating liquors owe their specific intoxicating properties to alcohol. Like many other substances which are poisonous and deadly when improperly employed, in its proper place has field of great usefulness. The spirit lamp in which alcohol is the burning fluid, is one of the most useful of inventions. It is used to prevent organic matters from decaying. All sleep producing agents, such as ether and chloroform have been derived from alcholol. Alcohol has proved itself to be of more harm than of good to mankind.

Alcoholism is chronic poisoning resulting from the habitual use of alcohol, even when it is not taken in amounts sufficient to produce drunkeness. Alcohol is useful to nobody; it is harmful to all. It leads, at the very least, to the hospital, for alcoholism causes a great variety of diseases, many of them deadly. It is one of the most frequent causes of consumption, typhoid fever, pneumonia or erysipelas, which would be mild in a sober individual, will rapidly kill the alcoholic. Alcoholism is one of the most frightful scourages, whether it be regarded from the point of view of the health of the individual, of the existence of the family, or of the future of the country.

All the prevalent ideas in regard to the invigorating and otherwise supposedly beneficial properties of alcohol, in small doses, have been proved erroneous by scientific research. Moderate drinking has a tendency to make the human body more liable to disease and to shorten life.

In the United States, in 1908, over thirty-six million people in different cities, districts, and states were living under laws which prohibit the sale of alcohol in their neighborhood. The people themselves have made these laws for their own protection. Some times however, there is great excitement, with danger of defeat. This was true for Indian Territory in 1905, and the history of the struggle is a sequel to the twenty-seventh chapter of "Town and City." It continues the tale of the relation of America to the Indians, and their protection agents against alcohol.

For seventy-two years the government of the United States kept its promise to the five civilized tribes, and without alcohol the Indians prospered so well that it did not occur to them that they could ever again be in danger from intoxicating liquors sold in public but in course of time there was danger, and it came about in this way.

The great event for every territory in America is when it can count on inhabitants enough to allow it to be changed from a territory to a state; for when this time arrives it may send senators and representatives to Congress, and may do its part in governing the entire country as well as itself. Before this day dawns each territory is treated as a child and governed from headquarters in Washington. We see, then, why a territory is about as proud to become a state and a voter as a boy is to become a man and a voter, yet it was this very chance to be a state that brought the danger to Indian Territory in 1905.

Not alone Indians, but white residents of Indian Territory, as well, were ready to protest against this. They had gone to the place to be rid of the crime and were not at all inclined to give up their freedom without a struggle.

The inhabitants of the Indian Territory were convinced that if the government of the United States should cease to protect them from alcoholic drinks many disloged and undersirable citizens, from elsewhere, would crowd in like famished wolves and would try to compensate themselves for having been thrust out of other places. For this purpose, indeed, unscrupulous men were using their money and their influence to try to induce the United States Senate to break its promise. They were ready to sacrifice even the honor of their country for the sake of getting alcohol into the new state.

The agitation lasted for two years. Then the senators did what was honest. They even made that part of the country safer than before, for they joined Indian Territory to Oklahoma, gave the name Oklahoma to the new state, and enacted a temperance law which will do its part in saving Oklahoma from alcohol. The following words are taken from the new law:

"The manufacture, sale, barter, and giving away of intoxicating liquor within this state is hereby prohibited for a period of twenty-one years after the date of the admission of this state into the Union, and thereafter until the people of this state shall otherwise provide by amendment of this constitution."

Tobacco is the leaf of a plant which was found in this country when it was discovered by Europeans. The Indians taught the newcomers the use of it. Tobacco has proved itself to be of no benefit to anyone, and that it is harmful to those who use it.

Why did the American army have to refuse hundreds of men who applied and who were ready to face death for the sake of their country? In a large number of cases it was because these men had a certain weakness of the heart which was brought on by the use of tobacco, and because when a man's heart is troubled, in this particular way, he is not likely to be able to endure the exercise which he will have to meet as a soldier. This heart is not strong to risk it.

The same is true of athletes of every age and size, in whatever land they may reside. He who is in the habit of using cigarettes should be careful how he does anything that calls for sudden, violent, or vigorous use of his muscles and his heart. Although he may still be able to run as fast and to jump as high as his friend or his school-mate, who does not smoke, yet the probabilities are he has the sort of heart that the American army often refuses to accept,—the heart that no soldier can afford to own. The man who is afflicted in this way cannot expect to do his best on the athletic field.

Boys of '61 Were Real Boys.

Surprise is often expressed that there are so many veterans of the Civil war still living. The fact is that the war was fought, at least on the northern side, by boys. Of the 2,159,798 enlisted there were only 46,626 who were over twenty-five years old. The official figures of the age at enlistment in the Civil war were read in the House of Representatives by Joseph G. Cannon, and they are as follows :

Those 10 years and under	25
Those 11 years and under	38
Those 12 years and under	225
Those 13 years and under	300
Those 14 years and under	1,523
Those 15 years and under	104,987
Those 16 years and under	231,051
Those 17 years and under	844,891
Those 18 years and under	1,151,438
Those 21 years and under (these two classes make the total number of enlistments)	2,159,798
Those 22 years and over (these two classes make the total number of enlistments)	618,511
Those 25 years and over	46,626

It will be noticed from this statement that the greatest number of enlistments were of boys eighteen and under. In a number of cases these boys became officers before they were twenty some of them even reaching the rank of captain. The methods of war have so changed that in future armies there must be a far greater protion of mature men. There must be a large number who can handle the intricate, complex and death dealing machinery and engines of destruction.

But as far as the Civil war was concerned the fighting was done by boys, and the phrase "boys of '61" is a literal expression of the truth and not metaphorical. There are still 400,000 of them alive.

Here's a Thriller for Your Life !

In an article in "Flying" of recent issue, a writer gave this thrilling account : On the Eastern Front chewing gum has been found the finest antidote for the Airman's air-sickness and it was the regular practice in our detachment to take a large mouthful wherever we were bound on a long reconnaissance. This habit was the direct means of saving one of our machines from falling into the hands of the enemy. The machine had been heavily shelled and a fragment of shrapnel penetrated the petrol tank. The petrol came pouring out at a rate that would have brought the machine down before the pilot could have got back to our own lines, had he not suddenly thought of his chewing gum. With this he stopped the flow and succeeded in getting back to safety.

Now for the sequel : Messrs. Wrigley's Ltd., London, recently received the following letter—

Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, London : With reference to enclosed paragraph, as I was the pilot in question who was fortunate enough to be chewing your gum when my petrol tank was pierced, I beg to indorse this statement. I consider your gum an excellent antidote for air-sickness, nerves and the boredom that everyone suffers from on long distance flights. The above and a subsequent effort obtained for me the award of the Military Cross. Yours faithfully, H. G. F. Bellamy.

How's that for an example of Gumption ?

Executioner will be Busy.

The death chamber in the state penitentiary, near Bellefonte, will be a busy place during the next year, as there are about fifty convicted murderers to electrocute, whose death sentences were held up by the Governor pending action by the legislature on the proposal to abolish capital punishment. The defeat of the proposal will cause this great number of executions during the coming summer.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:—

Earl Allshouse, Mrs. Julia Caster, Walter Dehiel, E. G. Doherty, S. L. Gelser & Co., Mrs. D. R. Kreider, Mrs. M. S. Munsen, Harry Otte. Fred Rossman, Frank C. Smith. When called for please say advertised.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment For eczema, any skin itching. 50 a box

INTERESTING WAR STORY.

Harold Williamson, of State College, Killed in France.

In the last issue of the State College Times it gave the following sad yet interesting story connected with the death of Harold Williamson, of that place, who was recently killed in France :

"Harold Williamson leaves today for Canada to enlist in a Canadian regiment for service on the great battlefield. "Scotty" has been herder at the Pennsylvania State College and has many friends here who hope he will return wearing the Victoria Cross and free from punctures—State College Times of April 14th, 1916.

But "Scotty" will not "return" for "somewhere in France" he gave his life for his country.

"Scotty" was not drafted; he could have remained at State College and continued his work here free from all danger. But his Country called ; his country needed him—and he answered the call ! No Victoria Cross, but he did "his bit" to the extent of giving life itself—the sacrifice he must have known was almost a certainty before he left State College—and a greater thing than this can no man do.

Mr. Williamson was killed some where in France and was identified by means of a clipping from the State College Times of April 14th, 1916, which we re-produce above. The clipping was worn, soiled and torn, but the words "Pennsylvania State College" could be read and Private F. Durrant, a comrade of "Scotty" wrote a letter which he addressed to "Pennsylvania State College, United States of America" in which he announced the death of his comrade and expressed the hope that the letter would reach friends who would notify his parents. And those who knew "Scotty" are not surprised that he had a comrade who, in the veritable Hell that is raging in France would stop to notify the parents of his friend that he had made the great sacrifice. The letter received by President Sparks was as follows :

"Pte F. Durrant
No. 70704
B Section
15 M Y C
B E F France

Dear Sir—

I understand that Pte H. Williamson had been an herder in your employ before he enlisted in the Canadian Army. I am sorry to say that while fetching German prisoners in, he was killed by a shell. I will be very glad if you return these two photographs to his parents, also my sympathies. I am sorry to think that this is all the amount of address I could get. You will find a small piece of paper inside, which I have got a little trace of his whereabouts. I see that his friends used to call him "Scotty." Well Dear Sir, hoping this will find you and his parents, I must now close, hoping to hear if it has returned safe.

I remain
Yours
Pte. D. Durrant."

Enclosed in the letter was the clipping from the Times, but the photographs had been removed from the letter by the censor.

Mr. Williamson was employed as an herder at the Pennsylvania State College for about three years. He boarded with Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Jones, at farm No. 5, and they looked upon him as one of the family, whom they esteemed very highly.

Mr. Williamson's death is the first casualty from this section to be reported.

Friends of Mr. Williamson at State College had just prepared a box of eatables, etc., to send to him when the announcement of his death came in the letter given above.

Mr. Williamson's parents live at 17 Crossgate, Cupar-Fife, Scotland. Dr. Sparks has written to them telling them that their son has given his life for the country he loved.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. to John P. Rapsey, tract in Philipsburg; $50.

Rachel C. Ocker, to Emma R. Rishel, tract in Miles Twp.; $1150.

Wm. P. Rishel's Exrs. to Philip Caris, tract in Miles Twp.; $156.75.

J. E. Ertle, et al, to S. R. Rachau, tract in Gregg Twp.; $115.

Ed. A. Bower, to W. A. Carson, tract in Haines Twp.; $7205.38.

Cora C. Apgar, et bar, to S. G. Stull. tract in Philipsburg; $1400.

Eugene F. Harvey, et ux, to Edith Mayes, tract in Philipsburg; $600.

W. S. Breon, et ux, to W. E. Breon, tract in Harris and Penn Twps.; $5000.

Mary Miller, et al, to Bruce Miller, tract in Harris Twp.; $30.

James Nixon, et al, to Lloyd Knapp, tract in Rush Twp.; $650.

Thos. W. Thompson, et ux, to James M. Hawkins, et al, tract in Philipsburg; $1600.

R. O. Way, et ux, to D. H. Way, tract in Taylor Twp.; $2500.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

THRIFT IN EARLY LIFE.

That Was the Start of the Fortunes of Our Greatest Financiers.

The early life of the great builders, the self made financiers of this country, shows the early cultivation of the saving habit.

With few exceptions our Rockefellers, Hills, Harrimans, are men who endured great privations to save their first few hundreds or thousands of dollars.

But in the use of these savings these great men of business seemed most reckless.

Each in turn staked his all on a little known and decidedly shaky proposition and stuck with it until he won out.

Rockefeller put his few hundreds, saved from a bookkeeper's salary, into making a start in the oil business, a business so unknown at that time, so full of failures, that it was with the utmost difficulty he was able to borrow any additional funds when in desperate need.

James J. Hill staked his few savings, scraped together from his work as a dock laborer and clerk, on a well nigh bankrupt railroad, on which the experienced financiers of his day would scarcely lend a penny.

Ford staked his own savings on building a gas engine and a small car, of which it was the motive power. When he was ready to build his first cars there is no record of the banks or the big financiers of his day offering to furnish the funds to gather together the organization and build the necessary factory to make and market his product. On the contrary, his enterprise was so poor a risk that the few thousands necessary to get his first start came from wage earners and small business men, the class who no doubt were considered "pikers," investing in a business which, had the so called financial authorities paid any attention to it at all, they would have pronounced highly speculative.

Yet these and the hundreds of other successful enterprises that have built immense corporations and made millions and millionaires are the kind of investments that appeal most to the optimistic progressiveness of the American investor.—Industrial Department News.

TASKS OF MIDDLE AGE.

Work to Keep Youthful and to Insure Future Happiness.

In Woman's Home Companion Margaret Deland gives useful advice on how to meet middle age in such a manner as to insure future happiness :

"To hold on to our appreciation of nature we must spur our dull and lagging memory of beauty; to keep our appreciation of human nature we must refuse to be laid on the shelf; we must keep up with the procession of human thought. Only so can we see the sweat, the tears and smiles of our fellow creatures.

"These are the two tasks of middle age. If we perform them worthily our souls will never grow old. And plainly it is 'up to us,' as these slangy youngsters of ours express it—it is up to us to keep young; to make sure that our inner vision is open to beauty and to the joy and sorrow, the squalor and glory of our fellows. If we do this the 'compensation' is immediate.

"So what difference does it make if the body is rheumatic and nearsighted —and a little deaf when it comes to the song sparrow? What do such things matter if the eyes of the soul still see that crater mirroring the sky, if the ears of the spirit hear the bird's note in dawn and dew?

"Nor does it matter that the body declines a game of tennis and shudders at a plunge in the surf when the thermometer registers only 55 degrees if the body's tenant is able to say to the young people: 'Go ahead! Have a good time! But take my word for it—

"'The best is yet to be!'"

Why Polisemai Was Arrested.

An American friend of mine in Port au Prince had a very useful house servant by the name of Polisemai, who earned the notable sum of 5 gourdes ($1 gold) a week and found. The federal authorities kept arresting Polisemai for military service and his employer got tired of going to headquarters about once a week to pry him loose from the army. He found that the continual arresting was due to the fact that several officers wanted Polisemai's job.—George Marvin in World's Work.

Dreaded Two Things.

Nicholas Romanoff, late czar of Russia, dreaded two things—assassination and revolution—and neither was a vain fear. Since 1891, when he was assaulted and wounded by a Japanese named Sango and escaped death only by the prompt action of Prince George of Greece, up to his abdication, there were thirteen attempts to assassinate him.

Swing Your Arms.

"Don't keep your hands in your pockets," says Dr. C. E. Page of Boston. "Keep swinging them as you walk. This is necessary to obtain needed and essential exercise when walking. Don't simply walk on your hind legs, but keep all four in some sort of motion, as nature intended you should do."

Trees.

Trees being associated with the best side of human life, none but the short-sighted and stupid will descend to estimate their worth upon a cordwood valuation.

Fight and Think.

Three things to fight for—honor, country, home.

Three things to think about—life death, eternity.

DON'T DELAY

Some Bellefonte People Have Learned that Neglect is Dangerous.

The slightest symptom of kidney trouble is far too serious to be overlooked. It's the small, neglected troubles that so often lead to serious kidney ailments. That pain in the "small" of your back; that urinary irregularity;those headaches and dizzy spells; that weak, weary, worn-out feeling, may be nature's warning of kidney weakness. Why risk your life by neglecting these symptoms? Reach the cause of the trouble while there yet is time—begin treating your kidneys at once with a tried and proven kidney remedy. No need to experiment —Doan's Kidney Pills have been successfully used in thousands of cases of kidney trouble for over 50 years. Doan's Kidney Pills are used and recommended throughout the civilized world. Endorsed at home. Read Bellefonte testimony.

Mrs. B. Holter, Pine St., Bellefonte, says : "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills off and on for about two years. Whenever a cold or strain causes a dull, constant ache across the small of my back, I use a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and get relief. I believe I did not take Doan's Kidney Pills long enough to be cured, but when I take them, a few doses always fix me up."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Holter had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props, Buffalo, N. Y.

TRAINING THE CHILD.

The Most Essential Factor Is In Having a Normal Home.

A student of sociology recently said in a public address that the most essential thing in the training of a child was a normal home. This sort of home ought to be common. Yet investigations show that a large number of homes must be considered abnormal. Such are poverty stricken, overcrowded homes, and such are the servant filled homes of the wealthy. It is the large well to do middle class who should and who do supply most of the so called normal homes.

It has been found that many homes which might be normal are not so and that the parents usually are to blame. Parents are quarrelsome, a favored child is allowed to bully the household, the mother is indifferent to the home, the father is ugly, discipline is too lax, the children are ignored, parents reverse each other's decisions—these are some of the defects in the abnormal home. They are defects which are singled out because they betray no gross weakness in the parents and could be eliminated by a little patience and thoughtful effort.

The environment of a child in its early years undoubtedly has a good deal to do with forming its character. It seems as if parents ought to heed this fact and to exercise such self denial and self control as may be necessary to make the home a place where the child can be sure of finding peace and just treatment. There are many homes that for familiar reasons are entirely without the scope of these considerations.

But the observations noted apply with reasonable pertinence to the numerous American homes in which the parents are well behaved and self respecting, but who are too selfish or too thoughtless to give due attention to the very important matter of providing a tranquil and helpful home for the little ones.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Oxidization of Brass.

Brass when immersed in a hot solution consisting of one-half ounce of golden sulphuret of antimony and four ounces of caustic soda in each gallon of water becomes oxidized with a pleasing brown shade. The shade becomes darker if the metal is immersed in a dilute solution of sulphate of copper, used cold, about four to eight ounces to the gallon. Several immersions in the same manner give deeper brown tones.

No Separate Peace.

The United States Friday afternoon loaned $100,000,000 to the new Russian republic. The consummation of the loan was the result of a long series of conferences during which the United States was assured if the loan was made that Russian continuation in the war was assured.

The loan is contingent on Russia rejecting all offers for a separate peace. Most of the money will be spent in the United States on railroad supplies.

Do Your Part.

Don't expect too much of Povidence when gardening. Do what you can yourself. Much of the planting and sowing, both in fields and gardens, is done in too much faith. No gardener or farmer however skilled can make the seed sprout and plant grow, but he can use his best efforts to put the soil in proper condition to aid nature in working the miracles that must be accomplished within the next six months to keep us all well fed for another year.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes, 25c and 50c at all stores.

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Delightful Sunday Outing

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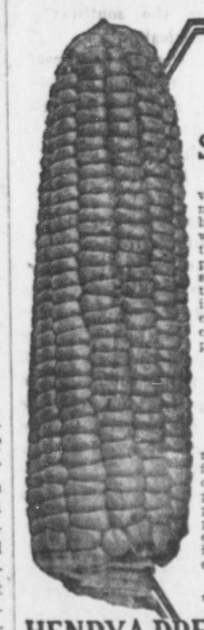

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Desperate Ride to Save a Life

Speed and Endurance of a Game Mare Win Race

By XENO W. PUTNAM

Copyright by Xeno W. Putnam.

It hardly seemed a chance at all, but we were forced to call it one so long as there was nothing better. Of course 'twas Tarpon's work, Tarpon, whose murderous band my stout friend had restrained and who had done this other murder just to bring an avenging posse down on Jack in a humor that would render inquiries few and explanations useless.

Bill Morgan brought the word. It seemed a strange unbending of the outlaw's spirit. Perhaps his own wild, hunted life led him to pity in his uncouth way a victim run to earth without warning, or possibly he had some personal memories to be avenged. Anyway he told us just before daybreak of the cowardly crime that had been fastened so unmistakably and so unjustly upon Jack and of the furious pursuers close upon our trail.

Before us were the mountains, grim and full of dangers for the stranger fugitive, but to this score of relentless followers home. Some forty miles behind lay Halseyville—and safety, for half her leading citizens—the mayor himself, to say nothing of his fair daughter—would have sworn to Jack's presence at a banquet given in our honor at the very time the murder was committed miles away. But between our camp and vindication rode a relentless, uninquiring foe with a single purpose—and a halter. The outlook was gloomy enough for poor Jack.

It seemed that I was not connected with the crime. That, too, was Tarpon's skillful planning, or perhaps my government position saved me. Vengeance was to be taken upon Jack alone, my great, rough, burly friend with the heart of a lion or a woman, as the occasion called for courage or for kindness.

When only a single course is possible one can think quickly what to do. I gathered in Corenca, loath to be gathered from the luxurious pasture of the foothills, and, throwing the saddle over her back, jerked up the girth so tightly that she flinched and snapped at me. Then, flinging the other saddle on Jack's horse, we headed her off across the country toward her old home alone. As she turned and looked back at Corenca, pawing impatiently at the restraint, a sharp crack of the whip encouraged the eagerness of her departure. Soon she disappeared from view in the dim light, leaving a plain but bootless trail behind for our pursuers to presently follow a few miles in their quest for

TWO MEN DISMOUNTED AND MADE A RUSH FOR MY BRIDLE.

Jack. Then after a silent handshake that said more than words my friend went dodging in among the heavy shadows of the mountain canyons, leaving me alone with my wonderful Corenca, whose speed was matchless and whose temper was the devil's own. If he could only evade capture while I rode to Halseyville for help! Twice forty odd miles would have to be covered, and the hope was slight, but Corenca was a wonderful foundation upon which to build it. If the foe should lose even a little time on the false trail of the other horse and Jack get a few extra hours, just a few, where each moment gained was glinted with gold!

My thoroughbred mare, chafing and tugging at the bit as we swept out into our long, hard trip, set me to wondering whether I spared her most by holding her in or letting her have her head. I tried to compromise, but she willed it otherwise, and the ground slipped away under her feet like a smooth running belt from the flywheel of some ponderous machine. It seemed as if she knew the need for haste and scorned a suggestion of her own limitations. The only notice my restraining hand received was an impatient toss of her shapely head and a savage jerk at the reins.

In less than an hour—only an hour behind poor Jack, I thought, with a sinking heart—I saw our grim pursuers in the road before me, but all that I feared from them was delay. They knew I was not the man they wanted and were themselves there to uphold their idea of the law and human justice in their fierce, crude way. They might attempt to take me back with them—the one thing that I really dreaded—but of personal violence I had no fear. My government position would again protect me, and whatever time they hindered me Jack would also gain from them.

As we approached I got the halting signal, but the little mare rushed ahead, alike unmindful of their shouting and my hand. Two men dismounted hurriedly and made a rush for my bridle as we passed. In a flash Corenca's fighting blood was up, and, with gnashing teeth and eyes like a dragon's, she was upon and over them and dashed ahead. A dozen mounted men spurred after us with the act. They might as well have chased the wind, for the very dust from the little mare's feet fell short of their leader. They dared not shoot lest Uncle Sam should hear the echo presently and only wasted a little time for Jack to profit by.

Once clear of pursuit Corenca fell off a little in her speed, but not in her independence, as I quickly learned in my first attempt to juggle with the reins. After all, why should I not let her have her way now that no special cause for speed bursts lay ahead? She was a willful child of the plains. Let her sweep them to suit her fancy. She would lose no time and perhaps, better than I, could judge of her own endurance. So we left the dubious miles behind us in pursuit of the miles ahead that she rapidly found and conquered one by one. Sometimes the pace was a moderate canter, sometimes swift as the wind, but I watched the flanks beneath me in vain for a labored breath. She seemed to temper her speed to the limit of what she could endure without drawing upon that wonderful reserve force that made her at once the pride and the terror of the plains.

So thirty odd miles lay behind us presently, and the game little beast had drawn up only once for a drink as she forded a stream. Still, more than one sign now told me that she had made her run at an awful expense to herself. Once she began to show fatigue it seemed as if her dissolution was to be as rapid as her flight had been. The willful flirt of her head she had left miles behind, and she stumbled a little sometimes as she still galloped faithfully on. Each breath was a heave and a gasp now, and the white foam that fell from her mouth was occasionally colored with red. Should I dismount and feed her or try to crowd her through? Back among the mountain canyons I could see a kindly, rugged face, now stern and resolute, at bay. Before me, only a few miles ahead, lay Halseyville and rescue. Already I could almost see the stately mayor and a few chosen friends rushing away on their errand of mercy and justice. Nor could I quite forget the sweet faced girl, in whose eye a tear had stood so close behind the laugh she had given Jack at parting. And it all tempted me forward. Still, it would be a foolish thing to ruin all so near my journey's end by letting my now suffering horse go off from her feet for want of a few minutes' rest.

Corenca stood quiet enough now, with head down and heaving sides, but with the fire still unquenched in her flashing eyes. Reluctantly I dismounted and loosened the saddle girth a little. Then a sight met my eyes that stayed my hand at the fastenings while I looked again, to bring me a moment later back into my seat. For the first time that day I urged Corenca beyond the limit of her chosen speed, and right nobly did she struggle to respond. But the heaving sides told their own story of a conquered body still reeling forward under the impetus of an unyielding will. Poor, faithful servant! It was, then, to be a race to the death—of my horse or my friend—and in that choice of course the dumb brute had to lose.

Now that the decision had been forced upon me I spared the use of neither whip nor spur upon Corenca—Corenca, to whom no one had ever before dared to teach the use of either. No more thought of trying to save her—just to get the last ounce out of her before she fell. Far ahead, just leaving Halseyville, I could see a queer little red spot rushing toward us, which I realized to be the mayor's automobile, bearing him rapidly away to a neighboring town. For a few miles his route lay straight toward me, but presently the road forked, and the red spot would bear out of reach the one man whose presence would awe Jack's pursuers into submission at a word. If I could reach those forks in time it would save me a smart little ride to the town. If I failed I feared me much that all my efforts were doomed to failure—that the game was up. Well, it would never be Corenca's fault. As I noted her trembling and unsteady gait I could not but hope that when she did go down she would be out of her misery soon. Again and again I urged her on, heartsick as I felt the futile struggle she was making under me. It was a losing race. Still, she lost it by so narrow a margin that she won for me.

Already the steel steed was about to swing around the curve and leave me such a few rods behind when Corenca, as though still obedient to her unconquered will, plunged wildly into the air and sank dying to the earth. Her race was over, but she had been grit to the very end.

A pair of sharp eyes, not the mayor's, saw the accident and gave in quick report. So it happened that instead of leaving me helpless they presently drew up by my side and looked down on me crouching by the dumb brute's head.

It wasn't the mayor who first comprehended the story I tried to tell them of Jack, and it wasn't his voice that ordered me into the vacant seat nor his hands that suddenly took control of the machine and gave it motion. I cast one bitter look back at my dying horse stretched there along upon her side, but I hadn't the time to end her misery with a pistol shot, as I was minded to do. Now at last was Halseyville behind me and ahead the mountains—and Jack. I stole a glance at the slight girlish figure whose guiding hands now seemed like steel, but over whose face had come something that was neither a smile nor a tear.

How the wind came up and rushed in our faces as the auto gathered speed! It wasn't a flight, but a melting away of objects. Things were and then were not. The belt over which we had galloped, Corenca and I, now changed to a smooth zone of marble, flanked on each side by a ribbon of greenish gray. We didn't seem to advance, just swayed and tilted, while the green gray ribbons on either side of us rolled into a tangle of mist just ahead, into which we were constantly trying to plunge.

"JACK!" CAME A FEMININE SCREAM FROM THE FRONT SEAT.

One could not determine where the real joined forces with the imagination. Somewhere between the two the real became invisible and the invisible seemed almost real. There wasn't a thought of fear, but a half formed wish that something would happen to add variety to this throbbing, undulating sensation, without particular motion and with nothing to see. Where we were or what we were doing not one of our senses could tell. We were only ethereal spots in the midst of an infinite nowhere, at one end of which lay my dying horse and at the other the friend I was trying to save.

I knew in a half dazed way we were rushing ahead at a speed that was terrific, but felt impatient that it was not greater still. The breath of the whirlwind might have been tame to my quivering, overwrought nerves. Shut out of the material world by this cloud wall, I longed for a thrill of expectant danger to break up the depressing sense of isolation. It wasn't the call for haste so much as the call of impatience—a mind taken entirely out of its realm of accustomed comparisons and clamoring for sensation rather than accomplishment.

Such were some of my chaotic impressions when I suddenly became conscious of objects about me and realized that we were slowing down. The green gray ribbons took on a spotted aspect, which gradually expanded into some of nature's own pattern, and I was conscious of a sudden relief to get back into the world again. The gray marble pavement shook out into the swift flying belt of the morning, then gradually came to a stop in the midst of mountains, trees and human forms and a few other things.

"Jack!" came a feminine scream from the front seat of our vehicle. Then I noticed for the first time my friend in the midst of the group of men, still on his feet, but with a telltale rope dangling from a limb directly over his head.

We carried him back with us presently, seated considerately on the back seat beside the feminine voice, while the mayor and I, as befitted our official rank, rode in front. Thus we proceeded back toward Halseyville, attended on either side for some distance, not by the green gray ribbons of a short half hour before nor even by the shapes of my morning fancy, but by a good, stout guard of armed and penitent men, now anxious to do homage to the man they meant to have slain in the name of the law. In a little real haste and a good bit of spite we hit up their gait quite briskly ere they finally parted company with us after many a goodly wish and shake of Jack's hand, then away like the wind for Halseyville.

Faster and faster over the road that Corenca had galloped so well till the ribbons swung up to their old place again and cut off our view of the plains, on past where the avengers that morning had thought they would stop me and while getting their lesson in thoroughbred temper lost just the small margin of time that saved Jack until our return, or splash through the ford where my horse slaked her thirst just before rushing on to her death, on past where I held up to rest and to feed her—a brief rest it proved and the last she was ever to have—on past where she fell and doubtless now made up her part in the greenish gray ribbon which unrolled beside us. Then we rode into Halseyville and found some unusual excitement ahead, where a group of rough men were attempting to corral a game little mare whose speed, they declared, was as swift as the wind and who still held the devil's own temper.

AN ARCTIC RESCUE

Tragedy of the Loss of the Karluk Off Wrangell Island.

PERILS OF THE SURVIVORS.

The Hardships and Sufferings They Braved and the Scene When the Rescue Ship From Alaska Was Sighted by the Camp on the Desolate Beach.

When the Karluk, the chief vessel of the Canadian arctic expedition which set out in June, 1913, became imprisoned by ice near Point Barrow, Alaska, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the commander of the party, went ashore with five companions to hunt caribou. He never saw his ship again, for soon after he left her a furious northeast gale sprang up and carried her westward.

Near Wrangell island, which lies north of Siberia, the ship succumbed to the tremendous pressure of the ice and sank. Eight of the Karluk's company were lost in trying to reach land, but seventeen survivors under Captain Bartlett succeeded in reaching Wrangell island and on that uninhabited spot established a camp. From there Captain Bartlett, accompanied by one Eskimo, made the terribly difficult journey of eighty miles to the mainland of Siberia. He then went to Alaska and reported the fate of the Karluk.

Meanwhile Burt M. McConnell, the meteorologist of the expedition, who had left the Karluk with Stefansson, had made his way to Nome, Alaska. Here he joined Olaf Swenson, who had determined to go to the rescue in his little schooner King and Winge.

Almost eight months after the Karluk sank they sailed from Nome and, after encountering the usual difficulties of arctic navigation, successfully drew within sight of the cliffs and beach of Wrangell island. Mr. McConness tells the story of the rescue in Harper's Magazine:

The lookout in the crow's nest sighted a tent when we were within two miles of shore, and as we came nearer, under full speed, we could see a flagpole and a cross.

Suddenly a man emerged from the tent on his hands and knees. He did not show any signs of joy. He did not wave his arms and shout when he sighted the ship. He merely rose and stood rigidly beside the tent, gazing at us as if dazed. More than once he brushed his hands across his eyes, as if he could not believe that the King and Winge was a real ship come to rescue him.

Our first fear was that the entire party, with the exception of the one man we saw, had perished, but that gloomy possibility was dispelled presently by the appearance of two other men. None of the trio made any demonstration. Aboard ship even the Eskimos were intensely excited.

The umiak was launched, and when it was within a hundred yards of the beach the man whom we had first seen started toward us, taking a rifle from its case. Our natives became greatly frightened. They pointed to their foreheads and muttered: "That man long time not much eat! Him crazy—all same fox!"

We landed on the beach and advanced toward this strange individual. His shaggy, matted hair streamed down over his eyes in wild disorder. His grimy face was streaked and furrowed with lines and wrinkles. I recognized him only by his voice when he spoke to Swenson. It was Munro.

"I don't know who you are, but I'm mighty glad to see you all," were his first words.

An instant later he recognized me and asked in astonishment, "How did you get here?"

Other questions were rapidly asked and answered, and then, "Have you a doctor aboard?" Munro demanded.

"You don't need a doctor," Swenson assured him. "What you need is a cook. We will go aboard and have breakfast."

Maurer then came up, weak and emaciated. I did not recognize him until Munro spoke his name. He smiled in recognition, but was so visibly affected that I refrained from questioning him. Templeman next appeared. He was gaunt and very pale and seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown. So we talked of general topics and asked no questions about their experiences.

Aboard the schooner the rescued men had a sumptuous breakfast, but an hour afterward they were hungry again.

"Mr. Swenson, I want to ask a great favor of you," Munro finally gained courage to say. "For several months I have been dreaming of eating a whole can of condensed milk with a spoon."

Three cans were immediately brought forth, as both Maurer and Templeman confessed to a similar craving, and they ate that condensed milk as if it were ice cream.

At another camp forty miles away the King and Winge rescued nine other survivors. Three had died after reaching the island.

Making Progress.

"Don't you sometimes have to reprove your boy Josh?"

"Not any more," replied Farmer Corntossel. "To tell you the truth, he's got me sort of apologizin' to him for the crude manner in which I was brought up."—Washington Star.

Reason's whole pleasure lies in these words, Health, peace and competence. —Pope

END OF A DYNASTY

The Rise and Fall of the Russian House of Romanoff.

FROM THE LION TO THE LAMB.

A Line of Czars, Mad, Bad, Liberal or Despotic, but All Strong and Daring, That Died When Nicholas II., Weak and Timid, Was Flung Aside.

When the house of Romanoff fell with the abdication of Nicholas II., the czar of Russia, there came to an end one of the most extraordinary dynasties in the history of the world, a dynasty that took a stretch of tundra and steppe and turned it into an empire flung across two continents and occupying one-sixth of the land space of the world. It was the hereditary line that produced Peter the Great and the remarkable Catherine and many other virile and vigorous characters, cruel, yet efficient; wanton, yet successful.

Probably no dynasty in Europe produced so many strong figures as the house of Romanoff. Yet when it fell it was not due so much to the wrath of downtrodden, betrayed people as to the inherent weakness and shrinking meekness of the czar.

Imagine Peter or Ivan the Terrible or even Alexander of recent memory speaking as Nicholas did when informed that an outbreak had occurred in Petrograd:

"Let it be so. Thank God. I will abdicate if that is what the people want. I will go to Livadia (the imperial estate in Crimea), to my gardens, if the people want. I am so fond of flowers."

While the first Romanoff to rule over Russia was not crowned until 1613, the family had become one of influence in Muscovy in the thirteenth century. At that time Ivan Divinovitch held an important post at the court of the grand duke of Moscow. A daughter of Roman, sixth in descent from Ivan, married Ivan the Terrible, whose chief amusement was to watch people dying between courses at his banquets. Roman's successors called themselves Romanoffs.

The old Tartar dynasty in Russia came to an end in 1598. During the next few years half a dozen pretenders ravaged the country. The Swedes cut in on the north and the Poles on the west. Then the common folk and gentry of Russia met in a convention at Moscow and elected Michael Romanoff czar of the Russias. It is a peculiar coincidence that an assembly of the people chose the first of the Romanoffs and deposed the last of them.

There followed a line of mad czars, bad czars, liberal czars, reactionary czars, Peters, Catherines, Elizabeths and Alexanders, all men and women of virility and strength of mind regardless of their other failings. They ruled by force of personal strength.

This is the descent of the recently deposed Czar Nicholas—a lamb foaled in a nest of tigers and lionesses. Count Paul Vassili, who spent twoscore years at the court of Petrograd and who had an intimate view of three czars, in his personal memoirs, composed shortly before his death a few years ago, had this to say of Nicholas:

"Nicholas II. is one of those timid, weak natures which nevertheless manage to assert themselves at certain moments in matters utterly without importance, but which to their eyes appear to be vital ones. His mind is as small as his person. He sees the biggest events go by without being touched or being even aware of their great or tragic sides.

"He likes to be feared, but he cannot inspire respect, much less awe. He feels this, and, not knowing how to fight against this lack of consideration of his person, he becomes savage in his wrath and, though in appearance a quiet, inoffensive little man, is capable of the utmost cruelty and hardness.

"When the news was brought to him of the terrible disaster at Tsushima, which cost Russia the greater part of her navy, the czar was playing tennis in the park of Tsarskoe Selo. He read the telegram that sounded the deathknell of so many hopes and then quietly resumed the game.

"When he found himself confronted with the revolution of 1905 it never occurred to him that he might avert it by putting his own person forward. On that dreadful day in January which ended in such bloodshed he never for a moment remembered the proud attitude of his ancestor, that other Nicholas who on an almost similar occasion came out of the palace and confronted the angry crowd, forcing the multitude by his mere presence to fall to their knees and submit.

"The only thought of the czar was to flee from danger and leave to others the task of smothering the revolution in blood."

An incident reported in 1916 gives an insight to the physical courage of the ex-czar, or, rather, the lack of it. The account at the time said:

"The emperor was reviewing the troops of General Brussiloff on the Bukowina front when an Austrian flier appeared overhead and dropped bombs some distance from the czar. Nicholas entirely lost his self possession. In consequence General Brussiloff was bitterly reproached and General Ivanoff was put in command over him."

Nicholas II. ascended the Russian throne in 1894 and had therefore been czar of all the Russias for twenty-three years when his reign and the dynasty of the Romanoffs came to their sudden end.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

LIMITS OF THE AIRPLANE.

Fliers as Big as Ocean Liners Are an Impossibility.

I am not one of those who entertain extravagant ideas concerning the future of the airplane. All sorts of ridiculous notions are afloat, largely fathered by people of lively imagination and of limited information. I do not believe that all transportation in future will be through the air. The airplane will not supplant the railroad, the trolley car or the motorcar. It will merely be another agency for performing a similar kind of work.

There are certain things that it will do better than the railroad or the motorcar, and its use will therefore be limited to these, for we must realize at the start that the airplane has decided limitations. We see numerous pictures today of aircraft as large as ocean liners, but these are merely vain imaginings. We shall have no airplanes as large as the Lusitania.

Any one who understands the fundamentals of air mechanics will immediately understand why this is so. The airplane is built essentially upon the same principles as a bird. It has the same flying capabilites as a bird and precisely the same limitations. The best flier among birds is the humming bird, and certain insects, which are much smaller, such as the dragon fly, are also wonderful fliers. It is a law of nature that the larger the bird the poorer its flying ability.

There are excellent mechanical reasons for this. The main one is that as a bird increases in size its weight increases at a much greater rate than the area of its wings. Thus if a bird doubles its size it would need, to lift itself in the air, not twice as much power, but eight times as much—that is, its weight increases as its cube whereas the area of the wings increases as its square. This is the principle that limits the size of birds, and it is also the principle that limits the size of airplanes, which fly just as birds fly. Each increase in size demands a much greater proportional increase in motive power, the result being that we have to add so enormously to the weight that the airplane soon reaches a size where it cannot leave the ground.—From Interview With Orville Wright by Burton J. Hendrick in Harper's Magazine.

WHY THEY FAILED.

Both Were Caretakers, and One Should Have Been a Promoter.

In the American Magazine is an article entitled "Are You a Caretaker or a Promoter?" in which a writer describes how he and a friend went into partnership and failed miserably.

"As I look back on that day," he says, "I wonder that we did not see the end of our enterprise from the day of its beginning, for there could be only one possible end. To be sure, Calkins and I worked for the Universal company for years. We knew all its methods, all its trade secrets, all the possible pitfalls in the road of such an enterprise. We had kindred tastes and abilities; we were hard workers and simple livers; we were both ambitious and both singularly agreed in matters of business policy.

"We saw all these factors and counted them as great strength. The amazing thing is that we failed to see in them at the very outset a fatal weakness, for Calkins and I were too much agreed. Our tastes and abilities were altogether too similar. What Calkins could do well I could do equally well. The things he was afraid of I was afraid of too.

"At watching expenses and arranging for prompt deliveries we were both efficient beyond complaint. But neither of us had any taste or ability for jumping out into the field and dragging business in by the hair. I had never completely recovered from the setback to my confidence which my youthful breakup had administered. And, as for Calkins, he was completely lost the minute he got ten feet away from his own desk."

Infinitesimal Webs.

Mexico, the land of Montezuma prickly pears, sand, volcanoes, earthquakes, wars, revolutions, intrigues etc., has many subtropical wonders both in vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little arachneida weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 40 of them to equal a common hair in magnitude.

Near to Treason.

Misprision of treason is an expression rarely heard in this country, but it has a very definite meaning in the laws of the United States. It consists in concealing the treasonable acts of others and is classed as a crime not much less than treason itself. It may be committed by citizens of the country or aliens who enjoy the protection of American law.

The Best Way.

"There's one sure way of getting promoted."

"What is it?"

"To do your work so well that the firm can't afford to keep a man of your ability in an inconspicuous place."—Detroit Free Press.

Edging Close to the Truth.

A farmer who understood human nature said, "If you want your boy to stay at home don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."—Christian Herald.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only an inconvenience. You will find it a calamity.—Johnson.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., May 24 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH. - Ed. & Pub

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FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 18th, 1917.

Weeding time will soon be here and then will come the test for the new gardeners. How many will flunk out?

Former Speaker Cannon, popularly dubbed "Uncle Joe," voted in the House at Washington to permit Roosevelt to go to France. In doing so he explained that he had not been a political supporter of the Colonel, and that he did not expect to ever again see Teddy President. Then turning to the Democratic side of the House "Uncle Joe" remarked: —"I want to say to you fellows that if you're afraid of T. R. you're a darned sight sight safer with him in France than in the United States."

Loyalty prompts the comment that President Wilson no doubt acted as he thought best when he turned down Roosevelt's request to be sent to France with a division of volunteers. Even so, it is a matter for profound regret that the Colonel will not have that opportunity. With Teddy in the trenches in France that knowledge alone would have done much to stir up and keep aroused patriotic spirit at home. Let us all hope that the President acted for the best, even though to many of us that may not seem to be the case now.

John Kreamer Dead

John W. Kreamer died Thursday afternoon at his home on east Lamb street, Bellefonte. For several years he had been a sufferer from tuberculosis and only a short time ago returned from Mount Alto, where he had been a patient for several months. Instead of recuperating he returned home very much weaker than when he left. He was a pattern maker by trade and there were none any better. He was 33 years of age and was born at Aaronsburg. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Kreamer and on September 18th, 1904, was married to Miss Ida Sharp. Socially he was very gentlemanly, a good husband, kind father and had a large circle of warm friends. Besides his wife he is survived by the following children: Helen, Ruth, Jack and Eleanor. He is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. B. F. Himmel, of Warren, Ohio, and Mrs. Walter Rupp, of Aaronsburg, and his father, R. M. Kreamer, of Beaver Falls. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at his residence, Dr. Ezra Yocum, of the Methodist church officiating. He was a member of the Trafford Lodge of Odd Fellows and was buried by the Centre Lodge, of Bellefonte. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Sarah Gingerich Dead.

Tuesday evening Miss Sarah Gingerich, daughter, of Mrs. Ella Gingerich, died at her home in Boalsburg. She was 12 years of age and for some time had been suffering from heart disease and rheumatism. Her father, John Gingerich, died about six weeks ago. Besides her mother she is survived by five brothers and sisters. The funeral was held today Thursday morning.

Harry S. Stuart Dead.

Monday evening Harry Scott Stuart, who was well known in Bellefonte and throughout Centre county, passed away at his home at Sandy Ridge, aged about 65 years.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes, 25c and 50c at all stores.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Luigi Vampa

He Was a Bandit, but Treated With Consideration by the Government

By WARREN MILLER

In the days when the Bourbons were kings of Naples southern Italy was probably the worst governed country in the civilized world. The people were sorely oppressed by the government, and it was during this period that much of the crime that still exists in Naples obtained a foothold. During the middle of the last century Garibaldi overthrew King Bomba, as the last Bourbon king of Naples was called, and since then Naples has been morally improving. But it is easier to cast down than to build up, and many years must pass before the effects of the misrule of southern Italy and Sicily will be eradicated.

During the earlier part of the nineteenth century a famous bandit infested the mountainous region encircling the bay of Naples. What his real name was no one knew, but he called himself Luigi Vampa. His band was not large, but the deeds it performed were the wonder of all Italy. Vampa disdained small plunder, always devoting himself to obtaining large sums. If he captured a person for ransom that person was abundantly able to purchase his freedom with a large amount.

But the bandit chief's favorite field was the cities. He would rob an institution with far greater temerity than some outlaws in the old pioneer days of America would hold up a bank. On one occasion, when a theater was crowded with spectators, when the curtain was raised Vampa and his men were on the stage, covering the audience with rifles. While the main band held the people in their seats several bandits went down the aisles levying contributions. When they had taken all there was to be had they went on to the stage, the curtain was lowered, and the band, mounting horses in the rear of the theater, rode away.

By and by it began to be noticed that the government officials were always a little too late to capture the bandits. A few minutes after the latter had openly committed a robbery the soldiers would swoop down with a great clatter, then dash off after the robbers in the wrong direction. During Luigi Vampa's "administration of the country's finances," as some persons termed it, it was noticed that the government was less vigorous in collecting the taxes. Some said that it was because there was no money to collect except from the rich, while others averred that Vampa was the king's tax gatherer. In other words, it was hinted that the bandit paid the government the lion's share of the plunder for being permitted to rob.

A time came when these rumors gained so much currency that the government was obliged to do something to clear itself of these aspersions. An expedition was sent up into the mountains back of Sorrento, where Vampa was at the time. A battle took place, and the chief and a few of his band were brought in chains to Naples. Suspicion that the fight was a sham was excited by the fact that not a man on either side was killed or wounded. It was hinted about that the battle had been fought with blank cartridges. Most of the band made good a retreat and dispersed.

What became of the few men captured no one ever knew. Vampa himself alone remained a prisoner.

Wherever robbery has flourished the robbers seem to have had something of the sympathy of the class of people from which they sprang. Vampa was quite a hero among the poor, because it was believed among them that he had collected from the rich the taxes they would otherwise have paid, leaving the poor immune.

Though Vampa was a prisoner, he had every comfort. His trial was put off from week to week, from month to month. When so much scandal was occasioned by this failure to punish him for his crimes he was at last tried, convicted and sentenced to be shot. But no one believed that he would be executed.

Some persons supposed that the day he was to be shot certain of his band high in his confidence would bring forth evidence implicating the government that would incite a revolution or at least besmirch the king before the entire civilized world.

Be that as it may, Vampa's execution was deferred just as his trial had been deferred. Not only this, but he was permitted greater comfort, and at last, when the public gaze had been somewhat turned from him, he was allowed greater freedom.

One day a well dressed man resembling Vampa appeared in one of the principal restaurants of Naples. He had shaved his beard and made other changes in his personal appearance, but despite this he was recognized as the famous robber. He was accompanied by a woman of a Spanish type of beauty, to whom he appeared devoted. It was reported that the government had permitted the woman he loved to visit him in his confinement, and the government did not deny the report.

Gradually the condemned man was given more and more freedom and was permitted to go about with the Spanish senorita. This favor was, of course, granted by the government. No one knew surely why the government was so lenient with him, but every one believed that he held a sword over it as well as it held one over him. Nevertheless to satisfy appearances Vampa's quarters were still in the prison, though instead of a cell he occupied handsomely furnished rooms.

Vampa was now frequently seen walking with his ladylove in the public park on the shore of the bay of Naples. One day while they were strolling along on the path within the sea wall Vampa was attacked by a man whom he had robbed and whose brother he had murdered. Vampa drew a knife from under his coat and defended himself so resolutely and with such skill that he kept the man at bay till the police interfered.

This added to the scandal of Vampa's privileges, for it revealed the fact that he was permitted to carry arms. He did not appear again for some time in public, and it was generally understood that it was mutually agreed between him and the government that he had better withdraw himself from public notice.

The Spanish senorita was more of a mystery than the privileges granted to Vampa by the government. Few persons got near enough to her to learn what kind of person she was, but those who did reported that she had evidently sprung from better stock than Vampa. At any rate, she had something of the manner of a lady, though whether this was natural to her or assumed they could not be sure. If the bandit had been devoted to her while plying his vocation the fact had not been known, for no such person had ever been reported as being in his confidence.

A number of conflicting reports were circulated with regard to her. One was that she had been prominent socially in Madrid, but had been dropped from society. Another was that she had been a leader in one of the revolutionary plots in France against the empire and had been used by Louis XVIII. to further some secret diplomatic scheme. Still another was that she was the daughter of a bandit in Spain and had been a danseuse on the stage in that country.

One evening Vampa and the senorita were seen walking in the twilight by the sea wall, and when they came to a landing where there were boats for hire they got into a light skiff, and Vampa, taking the oars, pulled out for a ride on the bay. The water was of a deep blue. To the north the island of Ischia rose, a black rock against the red sky left by the descending sun; to the west Capri was enveloped in a thin veil of mist. The senorita was observed as her companion pulled away sitting in the stern of the boat, pointing here and there enthusiastically at the beauties of the scene. As they went farther and farther from the shore darkness fell, and they finally were merged with the black waters of the Mediterranean.

That was the last ever seen of the senorita in Naples, nor was the bandit ever seen by any one again alive. The next morning the boat in which they had gone out on the bay was found under the sea wall. It was not fastened. Whether it had drifted in or been pulled in and left where it touched the shore could not be determined. During the day some fishermen from Sorrento picked up the dead body of Luigi Vampa floating between that point and the island of Capri. No mark of violence was found on the body.

The mysteries that had so long puzzled the Neapolitans ended in a mystery. How Luigi Vampa met his death was never discovered. The government did not even make a show of trying to learn anything concerning it, not disguising the fact that they were relieved that the bandit would no longer trouble them.

A few years after all this occurred a man who had dined in a Neapolitan restaurant at a table near Vampa and his senorita, while in Paris saw at the races a woman who was making huge bets. He recognized her at once as the senorita. Inquiry brought the fact that the woman was very rich and that she had a title from the Neapolitan government. She was considered an adventuress and was shunned by respectable women.

There was no doubt in southern Italy so long as that episode was remembered that Luigi Vampa was put out of the way by this woman, that she was given a large sum and a title as her pay for the deed. That she was some time in effecting her object is accounted for by the fact that Vampa was never without a weapon on his person. But just how the woman committed the deed for which she was paid has ever remained a mystery. The only report of her that was ever received by the Neapolitans came from the person who had seen and recognized her in Paris.

The true story of the senorita is as follows: She was really the daughter of a Spanish bandit. She was a favorite with her father's men and was with them a great deal of the time when they were making their forays, but in time the band came to grief and her father was executed. The girl was a natural dancer and obtained a position as danseuse in a Madrid theater. A young nobleman fell in love with her and married her, but her past history having become known to him he left her to her own devices. After the work she had done in getting rid of Vampa she had all the money she wanted and appeared in Paris under the titular name of her Spanish husband. Her title was not Italian but Spanish. Her fortune came from Italy, her title from Spain.

There is a great change in the government of Naples as a part of united Italy from what it was under the old regime. A character such as Luigi Vampa could not flourish there today

HE HUNTED FOR BUSINESS

A Story With a Moral

By F. A. MITCHEL

I was born in the country, the son of a farmer who supposed that I would follow in his footsteps behind the plow. But I had other tastes. I insisted on going to college and while there was obliged to hustle to make most of the money to put me through. On being graduated from college I desired to study law. That meant several years more of self support while studying for admission to the bar. But if a young man has the energy to make his way while getting his education it is pretty likely that he will have the will power to make his way in the world when he gets his profession. If I was not a hard student of the law it was because I was obliged to spend so much time in making the wherewithal to exist.

When I had been graduated from the law school I hung out my shingle and waited for clients. By waiting for clients I don't mean that I did nothing to secure business. I read the newspapers carefully, especially legal news with regard to estates, wills, transfers of real estate—indeed, anything that might give me a tip to where I could get myself a case, for I don't believe in young men who strike out for themselves professionally hiding their light under a bushel.

One day I saw in a newspaper a notice of the death of Edward Girard, a wealthy man. It stated that the deceased left no family. A niece had lived with him for several years and had taken care of him during his last illness. Not long after this I saw a statement that the personal effects of Edward Girard, the deceased, would be sold at auction from his late residence.

I desired to obtain a desk for my office and thought at this sale I might secure a bargain, so I went to the house for the purpose. There was but one desk put up, and that was one that had been made in colonial times. I was obliged to pay a good price for it, but I was bound to get it, and I outbid every one else. A young lady was present who I was told was the niece of Mr. Girard mentioned in the newspaper item. She seemed very much depressed. My informant said it had been supposed that she would inherit her uncle's property, but he had died very suddenly and had no time to make a will, therefore his estate would be divided among nearly a hundred relatives who were heirs-at-law.

There was something very attractive to me in this young lady's appearance, and I felt much pity for her in her disappointment. It occurred to me that she should at least be reimbursed for her services in taking care of her uncle, and I believed the court would allow her something therefor. I went to her, and, having told her that I knew how she was situated with regard to the property, I asked her if she intended to put in a claim for services in nursing her uncle. She replied that she had not thought of doing so. Besides, she would be obliged to employ a lawyer to draw the papers and she had no money to pay for counsel.

I told her that I was a lawyer and would draw the papers, agreeing to charge no fee unless her claims were allowed, and even in that case I would make my charge very little. She took my address and said that she would think the matter over.

I took my desk to my office and was very much pleased at possessing so fine an antique piece of furniture. I never looked at it without being reminded of Colonial times. There were a great many little drawers and pigeonholes in it, and I felt happy at the prospect of filling them with documents when I should have clients. My first client was Miss Girard, who employed me to put in a claim for her for services in nursing her uncle. I named a large amount; but, since her uncle had been ill only a few days, the court would not allow more than a hundred dollars, and even this she was obliged to wait a long time for. I made no charge; but, since she insisted on paying me a fee, I named $5, which I at once returned to her in such a gift as would be appropriate for a young man to give a young lady.

I was energetic in looking for clients and soon got together a sufficient business to feel that I might marry and make a home for myself. I kept up my acquaintance with Miss Girard, and it was not long before I made up my mind that when I felt able to support a wife I would ask her to marry me.

Meanwhile the division of her uncle's estate hung fire. The number of legal heirs multiplied, a new one or a new family being discovered every few weeks. It was impossible to tell what Miss Girard's share would be, but at most it could not be over a few hundred dollars. We gradually became acknowledged lovers, and, since she needed some one to support her, I concluded not to wait any longer for clients, but be married at once.

We returned from a short honeymoon to a little house I rented, and in order to add to our meager stock of furniture I removed my desk to my home. My wife was pleased to have an article that had been in use by her uncle at her former home where she could always see it. It was placed in our library and used for the keeping of our private papers, one pigeonhole being for pencils, pens and certain little odds and ends, such as paper clips, nail scissors and other such articles.

Hard times came on, and my law business became much reduced. My wife was a good manager, and we lived economically. The few hundred dollars she expected to get for her share in her uncle's estate would have been welcome, but month after month passed and we heard nothing of a division. Either a new relative had turned up or a piece of property must be sold before the estate could be closed.

I have always been a sportsman, and in the season I often went duck shooting. While on the water I needed a pocket compass and usually took one with me on my outings. One day when I returned from a hunt I threw my compass into the pigeonhole where I kept odds and ends. When I took it out again I noticed a vibration of the needle. Being curious as to the cause, I put it back into the pigeonhole, and, bringing a light to bear on it, I saw that it was deflected from the pole.

Every one knows that metal is required to deflect the magnetic needle. But I was sure that my desk had been mortised together and that there was not a nail in it. I removed every article from the pigeonhole and put back the compass. The needle was still deflected.

Now, I take very little interest in what I know, but a great deal of interest in what I don't know. I didn't know what deflected that needle, and I was bound to find out if I had to pull the desk to pieces in order to do so. I moved the compass about as near as possible to the desk, and the needle always pointed in the same direction—that is, to the upper left hand corner. A careful examination of this part of the desk told me there was a space there that had been left unused by a drawer or pigeonhole. I rapped on it, and the sound given out indicated that it was hollow. Nevertheless my compass told me that there was metal there.

Resolved to get into that space, though I regretted to injure my desk, I began to take off the woodwork at the fore part. This revealed a circular steel plate about half an inch in diameter. I pressed my thumb upon it, and out popped a steel drawer. There was but one article in the drawer—a paper.

Something told me that my wife was the person to examine that paper. I called her, and she came into the room. On seeing that I had mutilated the desk we both prized so highly she uttered an exclamation of rebuke. I showed her that I had discovered a secret drawer and there was a paper in it. It was for her, as the nearest person to her late uncle, to see what that paper contained. She took it out, opened it and read words written in her uncle's handwriting and signed by him and two witnesses:

I give and bequeath all my property, real and personal, to my beloved niece Margaret Girard.

I could not resist the temptation to look over my wife's shoulder and knew what she read as soon as herself. She turned and threw her arms around my neck, and we remained locked together without speaking. I don't know which of the two was the happier. I doubt if either surpassed the other.

That was a joyful evening both for my wife and myself. Not the least source of pleasure to me was that the will had not been discovered sooner. I had married my wife when she was poor and partly that I might take care of her. A long while had elapsed before a fortune came to her like a summer shower in the midst of a drought. But we could not dismiss from our minds the one chance out of thousands of finding the will. Had I not been a sportsman I would not have needed a pocket compass. Had the secret drawer containing it been made of wood still would the important bit of paper have been hidden. It was the unerring finger of science that pointed to the key to wealth.

"Well," said my wife when our first transports had passed, "you began by being my attorney when I put in a claim for nursing my uncle; you may as well continue in my service and present the will to the proper authorities."

"And there will be no need for me to return the fee in fruits or flowers," was my reply.

Great was the astonishment of both officials and heirs expectant when more than two years after Mr. Girard's death a will was produced giving his property to the person it was presumed he intended to give it and cutting off a host of distant relatives. Some of these, who would not have received more than a few hundred dollars had there been no will, had been long counting on a rich legacy.

The inheritance turned out to be much larger than had been expected. Some investments Mr. Girard had made shortly before his death during the long period that the chancery authorities were hunting up his relatives had increased tenfold in value. Considering the disappointment suffered by so many persons, my wife called for a list of those who would have been benefited except for the will and set aside a fund for the relief of all that were needful. That fund is in existence today and many are being benefited by it.

There is an important moral to my story. It shows plainly that persons who hope to prosper should not sit down and wait, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. A stone in the bottom of a river may lie there for centuries. That which is endowed with life—motion under another name—meets opportunities.

Howard.

Mrs. Kate Long, who has been at Renovo with her daughter, is spending some time with her son and wife in this place.

Mrs. Anna Summers and daughter, of Tyrone, were Friday guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Neff.

Misses Virginia Weber, Edith Pletcher and Gretchen Williams were Bellefonte shoppers Friday.

Mrs. Decker and daughter, Miss Laura, of State College, visited Mrs. Decker's brother, L. M. Beck, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Weirick, of Altoona, were over Sunday guests of Mr. Weireck's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Z. T. Weirick.

Andy Barger, of Mt. Eagle, spent Sunday with Mrs. Hayes.

Donald McGee, of McGee's Mills, is spending the week with his uncle, Clyde Long.

Arthur McGauchey was a business visitor in Lock Haven, Saturday.

Mrs. John Weber and daughter, Lauretta, were shoppers in Bellefonte Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Candy and son, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mrs. Candy's sister, Mrs. Shuman Holter.

John Weber spent part of this week in Philadelphia.

Clyde Long, who has been employed at Thoral, Canada, for the past seven months, is spending a few weeks with his wife and many friends.

Fred Pletcher left Sunday night for Renovo, where he will work for the P. R. R. Co.

L. L. Williams left Monday for California, where he will start the tabernacle for the William Sunday campaign.

Mrs. Robert Neff, of Tyrone, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Moerschbacher and children, of Bellefonte, were Sunday guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Kelley.

Mr. and Mrs. Red Cresswell and son, of Lock Haven, were over Sunday guests with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson McCallion.

Mrs. Clarence Johnston and Mrs. Earl Confer went to Lock Haven Monday to see their father, William Schenck, who is in the hospital.

Miss Adeline Williams is visiting her friends in Bellefonte and taking in the Sunday school convention at Centre Hall this week.

Clyde McGee, of Renovo, spent Tuesday and Wednesday with his uncle, Clyde Long.

Bob Cummings is spending a few days in Philadelphia this week.

Mrs. Albert Pletcher and Mrs. Zelma Jordon attended the S. S. Convention at Centre Hall Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Maud Mayes, of Lemont, visited her brother and sister, Will Mayes and Mrs. John Mobel.

Miss Mary Woodward, of Williamsport, spent Sunday at the home of her brother, John A. Woodward.

Marion Pletcher, another of our town boys, joined the Ninth Regiment of Engineers at Philadelphia. The regiment will be ordered to camp Saturday.

There will be a flag raising at Howard on Saturday, May 26th, at 8 o'clock in theevening. Speeches will be made by Rev. Rishel and Rev. Gass and Rev. Bingman. Music by the Howard Band. Everybody come.

Mrs. John Krape and daughter, Miss Helen, were Lock Haven shoppers Tuesday.

Oscar Lucas is spending this week with his niece, Mrs. William Penny, of Altoona.

Misses Genevieve Pletcher, Ruth O'Hara, Rosetta Schenck, Pearl Pletcher, Mrs. John Weber, Mrs. Anna Harvey, Miss Mildred Confer, Dean Johnston and Richard Hoffman were delegates to the S. S. Convention at Centre Hall this week.

Hon. John A. Woodward is spending a few days at DuBois attending a Good Roads meeting.

Centre Mills.

Miss Minnie Kline preached in the Evangelical church at Spring Mills on Sunday.

Miss Mary Best is taking music lessons this term from Miss Byrd Stoner, of Rebersburg.

Roy Held was on the sick list last week as the result of a sore throat.

Rev. C. C. Shuey and William Tressler, of Bellefonte, visited at the home of J. M. Kline last week.

Prof. Godshall, of Spring Mills, assisted his father-in-law, J. A. Kline, last Saturday.

Miss Eva Bailey, of Spring Mills, is spending this week with her grandparents at this place.

Henry Sweely returned from the Bellefonte hospital and is in perfect health but without an arm.

Dorothy, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Reish, was under the doctor's care over Sunday, suffering from a sore throat.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker spent a day in Bellefonte last week.

Miss Lola Fishburn is spending some time with grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Strunk, at Spring Bank.

Correspondence

Port Matilda.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Patton, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with friends and relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harpster and daughter, Alice, of Bald Eagle, visited relatives in town Sunday.

Misa Elsie Stiver, of Bellwood, is visiting Miss Margaret Williams.

Raymond Osman returned to Pitcairn Monday morning after spending several days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Osman.

W. Allen Hoover, of Ocean City, N. J., spent the latter part of last week and the fore part of this week with his parents.

Linwood A. Williams, of Philadelphia, after spending several days with friends and relatives in town returned to his home.

Gilbert Eller and family, and Mrs. Bruce Johnsonbaugh, motored to Jersey Shore Sunday where they spent the day with friends and relatives.

I. M. Williams and wife, Mrs. W. W. Shultz and Miss Edna Williams, motored to Tyrone Saturday evening.

Lemon Eller, H. L. Shope, Miss Edna Williams and Miss Sara Hoover, motored to Tyrone Friday evening.

The new Baptist church was dedicated free of debt Sunday. Services were held all day, with the church filled to its capacity morning, afternoon and evening. The speakers of the day were: Rev. J. A. Maxwell, pastor of the First Baptist church, Williamsport; Rev. H. K. Bower, moderator of the Centre Baptist association, Philipsburg; Rev. F. L. Bardens, pastor of Baptist church, LaJose; and Rev. S. F. Forgeus, chapiin, Reformatory, Huntingdon.

Misses Gladys Bennett, Sara and Kathryn Hoover, Ida and Margaret Turner, Madeline Crain, Rev. H. S. Crammer, W. T. Hoover, S. S. Harpster, Lemon Eller and H. L. Shope attended the Centre County Sabbath school convention held at Centre Hall Tuesday.

Miss Alma Hall, of Unionville, visited her sister, Mrs. George Young, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hoy, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Corl, of State College, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Rockey, of Boalsburg, and Walter Bennett, of Tyrone, were among those who spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Williams and sons, Kenzie and A. Y., visited relatives in town Sunday.

Misses Flora and Della Lewis, of Huntingdon, visited Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cowher Sunday.

Miss Jessie and Master Clyde Williams, of Dix, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cowher.

Among those who spent Sunday with Mrs. Susan Stine were: Mrs. John Hoffman, Mrs. Paul Gray and daughter, and Mr. David Williams, of Philipsburg, S. T. Williams, of Hollidaysburg, Robert Williams, wife and family, Mrs, Joseph Shawyer, of Martha, Mrs. Margaret Spotts, Lizzie Crum and Edna Stine, of town.

A nice little house party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shultz Monday evening the following persons being present: Mrs. J. M. Williams, Misses Hermie Cronemiller, Margaret Brugger, Edna Williams, Mary Tomco, Josephine Richards, Stella and Violet Barry, Lemmon Eller, W. Allen Hoover, Linwood A. Williams, H. L. Shope, Bernard Williams, Wilmer Bennett and John Williams.

Woodward

J. L. Kreamer and daughter, Mrs. J. W. Guisewite, spent a day last week at Penn Hall, at the home of his son, Allen Kreamer.

M. O. Stover and sons, James and Edgar, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Adam Winters, of Wolfe's Store, and Mrs. Thomas Smith and daughter, Miss Naomi, autoed to Danville one day last week to visit Mrs. Smith's husband who is ill in the Danville hospital.

J. D. Houser and family spent Sunday in Rebersburg, at the home of the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Stover.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hoover and family, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Kolb and son, of Lock Haven, were guests at the home of their nephew, Harris Stover, Saturday.

Miss Minnie Grenoble, of Bellefonte, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Grenoble.

Mrs. Celinda Hosterman was called to Johnstown Monday morning to help nurse her daughter, Miss Lyda, who is ill at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harry Zieme.

Thos. Wolfe and family, and Charles Orndorf and family spent the Sabbath with the former's son, Harry, in Mifflinburg.

Thos. Miller, of Spring Mills, spent part of this week in town.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Boalsburg.

Mrs. Charles Plummer, of Altoona, spent a few days of last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rupp.

Mrs. William Stover, Mrs. John Charles, Mrs. Grant Charles and son, spent Thursday of last week at Pleasant Gap.

Mrs. Minnie Roberts, of Pitcairn, who has rented the Durst house and will move into it in a few weeks, spent several days of last week at the home of O. L. Mothersbaugh.

Bruce Mickey, a student of State College, was an over Sunday visitor at the home of J. W. Keller.

John Musser and daughter, Margaret, of WilkesBarre, visited the former's sister, Mrs. E. A. Fisher.

Miss Marion Dale, of Oak Hall, spent Sunday at the home of A. W. Dale.

Mr. and Mrs. George Yarnell and daughter, of Colyer, spent Sunday at the home of Newton Yarnell.

William Rine, of Bellefonte, is spending some time at the home of G. N. Fisher.

The Camp Fire Girls, of Boalsburg gave a dance to about sixty guests on Friday evening at the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Harris, who at one time were residents of this place, but who now live at Mifflinburg, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Charles.

R. B. Harrison, of Niagara, spent the week-end with his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harter, of State College, are rejoicing over the arrival of a son. Mrs. Harter before her marriage was Anna Ross, of this place.

Miss Anna Dale spent a short time of last week at Bellefonte.

Mrs. E. A. Fisher went to Danville on Monday afternoon to attend the funeral of Mr. Gearhart which occurred on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Gearhart is the father of Mrs. Charles Fisher.

S. E. Weber transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Struble, of State College, spent Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. Willis Houtz. They were accompanied by Mrs. Benner who will spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. Houtz.

The ladies of the Lutheran church will hold a festival on the evening of Memorial Day. They will serve a lunch, ice cream and cake.

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Bolin returned the beginning of the week from visiting Mrs. Bolin's parents at Shippensburg.

Miss Rose Haupt spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Centre Hall.

Clyde McKinley, of Altoona, visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKinley, the fore part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shope, of East Altoona, visited Miss Shope last week.

Mrs. Wm. Walker and Miss Dorothy Heaton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Confer, at Yarnell.

Mrs. Margaret Haupt, of Altoona, is at home very ill with rheumatism.

Mrs. Ross, of Scranton, spent a few days with Miss Emma Kline and old friends of the town.

Miss Marion Smith left last week to accept a position at Milroy.

Walter Smith and daughter Anna, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Miles, in Altoona.

William Walker attended the funeral of the late Edward Neighhart, at Johnstown, on Saturday afternoon.

Among those who attended the S. S. convention at Centre Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday were Misses Miriam Baird, Gladys Richard, Besse Miles, Rev. Lepley, Mrs. Lepley, Miss Mae Lepley, Rev. Prentice and Walter Hugg.

H. M. Bassler, of State College, spent the week-end in town.

Memorial services in the Baptist church Sunday morning, May 27th.

Misses Leonore Bryan and Hazel Fulton spent Tuesday in Centre Hall.

State Centre Co. is still adding improvemements by planting a hedge around the lawn of the State Centre House occupied by Messrs Reber and Bolin.

W. B. Miles & Son are having their store painted, which greatly improves it and makes it very attractive.

Curtin.

William Barnhart, Delbert Smith, Paul Lomoson, Earl Lomoson, and Chester Thompson, all of Orviston, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Barnhart, on Sunday.

Miss Esther Glenn visited her friend, Miss Florence Glenn, at Milesburg, on Sunday.

Miss Sue Bathurst was a Bellefonte shopper on Monday.

William Allen visited his son Vincent Sharp, at Lock Haven on Sunday.

George Columbine and John Barger, of Williamsport, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Bryan on Sunday.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Snow Shoe

Misses Lulu and Cecil Watson and Miss Velma Harnish, of Clarence, members of the graduating class of 1916, were recent High school visitors.

Prof. John T. Marshman, of the school of English, at State College, will deliver the class address at the High school commencement on Monday evening, June 11th. His theme will be "The Dynamics of an Ideal." Prof. Marshman is a speaker of ability, and his address will be a memorable event in Snow Shoe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shaw, Mrs. Hugh Shaw, Miss Agnes Shaw, Mrs. Coon and daughter, Marion, of Sarveyor, motored to Snow Shoe Sunday.

Miss Nancy McCartney, of Mt. Eagle, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Samuel Butler, of Clarence.

The entertainment at the Pastime theatre Thursday evening to provide for commencement expenses was generously patronized by the public. It is hoped that a basket collection on that occasion can be avoided. The outlay for speaker and music will be about twenty-five dollars. The graduation class is small this year, but a great credit to the school, notwithstanding.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Menchio, of Philipsburg, motored to Snow Shoe Sunday.

Miss Mary Wolfe, of New York, is visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Wolfe, of this place.

Clair Smith and mother, Mrs. Wade, of Snow Shoe, and the Misses Wade, of Philipsburg, motored to Williamsport Saturday.

Mrs. Clark Confer and son, visited Mrs. Confer's sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Shank.

Mrs. J. J. Wolfe and daughter Mary, spent Wednesday in Bellefonte.

The most interesting event of the past week was the organization of a flourishing Red Cross society. A public demonstration was made Friday evening. A line of autos, approximating fifty in number, proceeded to Clarence on their return. A public meeting was held in Community hall. A very interesting address was made by the president of the society. Mrs. W. C. Snyder. An impromptu address by Rev. J. J. Wolfe followed. The officers of the local organization are as follows: President, Mrs. W. C. Snyder; secretary, Mrs. John P. Kelley; assistant secretary, Miss Mary Redding; treasurer, Mrs. William Knapper. Contributions amounting to about seventy-five dollars have been received. A meeting will be held tomorrow Friday evening, in Community hall. The public is cordially and urgently invited to attend and do their bit in the great struggle in which the nation is involved.

General recognition of the high cost of living is now evident in Snow Shoe in the widely diffused interest in "raising something," potatoes preferably. All the lots and plots in the town and vicinity are being fertilized and planted.

The T. B. Budinger family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Budinger, Karl, Misses Blanche and Sarah, have returned from a long sojourn in their winter home, St. Petersburg, Florida. All have enjoyed good health.

Centre Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reish, of State College, spent Sunday with Mrs. Reish's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Homan.

John Moser and daughter, Margaret, of Wilkes Barre, spent Saturday with Mr. Moser's sister, Mrs. Jacobs.

L. L. Smith, the up-to-date liveryman, has had his King car remodeled ready for the summer trade. Any one needing his services will find him ready day or night.

Quite a number are going to take in Barnum and Bailey show at Lewistown.

Mr. Parker and wife spent a few hours in town Saturday. Mr. Porker is connected with the Mifflin National Bank, of Lewistown, and on account of a physical breakdown has been staying in the seven mountains, living in a tent, for a few months. We are glad to know he is improving.

Miss P. E. W. Potter, of Linden Hall, spent a day with Mrs. Lizzie M. Jacobs.

Miss Bessie Breon and a gentleman friend, of State College, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. James Moyer, wife of landlord James Moyer, of Potters Mills, is lying at death's door at her home. We are all sorry to know of her alarming condition.

Paul Bradford and wife, of Mifflin County, spent Sunday with friends and relatives at this place.

Dunk Herman and a lady friend, of Pleasant Gap, took supper at Centre Hall Hotel Sunday.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment For eczema, any skin itching. 50 a box

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	35
Eggs	32

GRAIN MARKET

(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$3.00
Corn	1.50
Oats	70
Rye	1.00

Pine Grove Mills.

Many persons here are afflicted with pink eye.

J. H. McCracken transacted business at Indiana Thursday.

The stork was liberal last week leaving a chubby little boy at the Earl Smeltzer home and a cute daughter for A. L. Weiland and also a daughter at the Charles H. Meyers home.

W. K. Goss and family with Mr. Little at the wheel motored down from Tyrone and spent Sunday among relatives in town.

C. M. Dale and wife, J. F. Kimport and wife and Miss Virginia Dale were Sunday visitors in town.

Wm. H. Martz has the auto fever and nothing but a Chevrolet will effect a cure.

Mrs. Ada Krebs has been plying her needle at the J. A. Fortney home the past week.

Kyle Osman, of State College, is a busy man at paper hanging and painting in our town.

Miss Jane Gates, of Tyrone, came down Friday to spend a few weeks with her mother who is past 90 years and quite frail.

The A. G. Archey store and dwelling was sold at public sale Saturday and was hammered down to the widow for $1150, subject to her dower.

J. S. Miller and W. A. Lytle attended a flag raising at Huntingdon Saturday and report a big crowd.

While rolling Monday morning farmer W. K. Corl had an experience he does not care to repeat. The team was young and spirited and run away. Mr. Corl was obliged to jump to save his life. After a half-mile run the horses plunged into a wire fence and were badly cut and bruised, but no bones were broken. Mr. Corl says he would rather play bandmaster than teamster.

Samuel Everhart and wife and Willis Reed motored to Franklinville where they spent the Sabbath with his mother and brother Ben and family.

After an absence of two weeks Col. Miles Kephart is back at the St. Elmo.

T. G. Cronover, the hustling lumberman, is looking over the job along old Tussey's lofty peaks.

Miss Beula Fortney and mother and a gentleman friend motored up from Boalsburg and were callers at the Dannely home and were pleased to find grandmother somewhat improved.

The Dreibelbis brothers are arranging to rebuild on the burned site at once. W. B. Ward has the contract to a finish.

The G. A. R. sermon will be preached this coming Sunday at 7.30 P. M. by Rev. Victor Nearhoof. Everybody cordially invited Memorial Day all school children and civic organizations are invited to participate in the parade to be headed by the Citizens band to join the G. A. R. veterans in honoring deceased comrades. Services will be held at Penna. Furnace cemetery, at Graysville, at 11 o'clock, at Pine Grove Mills at 2 o'clock, Pine Hall at 6 o'clock, Tadpole, Meek's, Goheen and the Branch decorated by a detail of G. A. R. No. 272. Everybody urged to bring flowers.

June 3d D. F. Kapp, of State College, will preach the annual sermon to the three-link fraternity in the Lutheran church at 10.30 A. M.

Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ed. Elder, has been very ill the past week, suffering from spinal meningitis. He is somewhat improved now.

Our townsman J. R. Smith has taken over the route embracing the western part of the county from Centre Hall to Huntingdon County line. Patrons will find him all right.

Two new arrivals are girls, one at A. O. Johnston's and the other at the Henry Klinger home.

May 11th Grandmother Elizabeth McCracken passed her 88th milestone at her home in the Glades. Barring somewhat impaired eyesight her faculties are very good and her health is splendid. The McCracken home has long been noted for its hospitality, good cheer and royal entertainment.

George C. Meyers and Chas. H. Meyers are each steering new Chevrolet cars. Arthur Peters has a Ford and A. L. Bowersox a new Buick 6

Dickinson Class Day Abandoned.

Because thirty male members of the Senior class have left Carlisle, for training camps or farm work, members of the 1917 class Dickinson college, have decided to break the fifty-years old precedent and dispense with the annual class day as part of the commencement exercises.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of Rev. John L. Metzger deceased.

Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of Rev. John L. Metzger late of Rebersburg Centre County, Pa., deceased have been granted to the undersigned residing in Carlisle Pa. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate will make payment immediately, and those having claims against the estate will present them for settlement to.

J. D. HEMMINGER.
EXECUTOR.
CARLISLE, PA.

Stockholders' Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Centre Building & Loan Association for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and transacting such other business that comes before them, will be held in the office of the Bellefonte Trust Co., Friday evening, June 8th, 1917, at 8 o'clock.

CHARLES F. COOK,
Secretary.

You will like it. Your best girl will like it. Your wife will like it. Your children will like it.

Like What?

Those delicious Chocolates in 1 lb. boxes at **29** and **39¢**.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

One of the 8000 Rexall Stores.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

The following accounts have been examined, passed and filed of record in the Register's Office, for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation Nisi, on Wednesday, the 23rd day of May, 1917.

1 AUMAN—The second and final account of W. D. Zerby, admr., D. B. N. C. T. A. of Wm. Auman, late of Potter Twp., dec'd.

2 BAME—The first and final account of A. S. Stover admr., of &c., of Jacob B. Bame, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

3 BAME—The account of John F. Krape, guardian of William R. Bame, a minor of Charlotte C. Bame, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

4 BARNES—The first and final account of Jennie E. Harrison, admrx., of &c., of Tamazines T. Barnes, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.

5 BEHERS—The first and final account of Sarah C. Behers, admrx., of &c., of Gerge W. Behers, late of Benner Twp., dec'd.

6 CONFER—The first and final account of Ira P. Confer, admr., of &c., of Ezekiel Confer, late of Boggs Twp., deceased.

7 DURST—The first and final account of Cora E. Wagner, admrx., of &c., Mary A. Durst, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

8 EDDY—The first and final account of M. C. Piper, admr., of &c., of L. T. Eddy, late of Milesburg Boro., dec'd.

9 EDDY—The first and final account of Margaret E. Zimmerman and L. Eddy Zimmerman, admrs., of &c., of Mrs. M. Ehen Eddy, late of Milesburg Boro., dec'd.

10 EVANS—The final account of Ella Ashcroft, admrx. of &c., of Mary N. Evans late of Philipsburg Boro., dec'd.

11 FISHER—The first and final account of Frank M. Fisher, admr., of &c., of Charles W Fisher, late of Gregg Twp., dec'd.

12 GRIFFITH—The first and final account of Samuel B. Griffith, Exr., of &c., of Mary Griffith, late of Spring Twp., dec'd.

13 GROVE—The first and final account of John W. Grove, trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court to sell real estate of Howard E. Grove, late of Benner Twp., dec'd.

14 HAFFLEY—The first and final account of A. S. Stover, admr., of &c., and trustee to sell real estate of Mary A. Hafley, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

15 HAFFLEY—The first and final account of A. S. Stover, trustee in partition to sell the real estate of John W. Hafley, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

16 HAWORTH—The final account of Margaret H. Bosen, executrix of Sarah Lord Haworth, late of Philipsburg Boro., dec'd.

17 LODER—The first and final account of Mary C. Loder, admrx., of the goods and chattels of George K. Loder, late of Spring Twp., dec'd.

18 NEFF—The first and final account of Lott H. Neff, executor of &c., of Wm. H. Neff, late of Howard Boro. dec'd.

19 O'BRYAN—The first and final account of George W. O'Bryan, Exr., of &c., of Walter G. O'Bryan, late of Ferguson Twp., dec'd.

20 RUNKLE—The first and final account of John H. Runkle, Admr., of &c., of John R. Runkle, late of Potter Twp., dec'd.

21 RUMBERGER—The first and final account of C. B. Rumberger and J. H. Rumberger, admrs., of the estate of W. Elmer Rumberger, late of Benner Township, dec'd.

22 SHROYER—The first and final account of Albert N. Hierly, admr., of &c., of Alma Shroyer, late of Boggs Township, dec'd.

23 STITZER—The first and final account of N. B. Spangler, Exr., of Hanna M. Stitzer, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.

24 STITZER—The first and final account of N. B. Spangler, admr. d. b. n. c. t. a. of H. Y. Stitzer, late of Bellefonte Boro., dec'd.

25 SWABB—The first and final account of James W. Swabb, admr., of &c., of Wm. Swabb, late of Haines Twp., dec'd.

26 TAYLOR—The first and final account of A. J. Weaver, admr., &c., of Effie M. Taylor, late of Potter Twp., dec'd.

27 ZIMMERMAN—The first and final account of Harry L. Zimmerman, administrator of &c. of Susannah Zimmerman, late of Bellefonte Boro., deceased.

28 LUCAS—The first and partial account of Rebecca Lucas, execx. of &c., of Hiram T. Lucas, late of Howard Boro., dec'd.

29 BEHER—The first and final account of John D. Wirtz, admr. of &c. of Amanda Beher, late of Patton Twp., dec'd.

Register's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., April 21, 1917.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, No. 125 May Term, 1917. To Evan Miles and John Foster, administrators of Samuel Miles deceased and their successors, and to the heirs of Samuel Miles:

You are hereby notified that Jacob F. Musser and Susanna Musser who are the owners of real estate situate in Gregg Township, Centre County, Pa., fully described in a certain mortgage recorded in the office for the recording of deeds in and for the County of Centre in Mortgage Book Vol. "C", at page 13, etc., given by John Diven to Evan Miles and John Foster, administrators of Samuel Miles, deceased, dated August 1, 1837, to secure the payment of the sum of $4402.80, have made application to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County for a citation on all parties interested in the said mortgage to appear in the said Court on the first Monday of July, 1917 and show cause, if any they have, why the said mortgage should not be satisfied of record, the same having been paid but remaining open and unsatisfied and nothing having been paid thereon, either principal or interest, for a period of more than twenty years.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
April 24th, 1917.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Christian Sharer.

Letters of administration on the estate of Christian Sharer, deceased, late of Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to make payment or present the same duly authenticated to R. H. Gilbert, Esq., Tyrone, Pa.

EVE SHARER
CALVIN M. SHARER
Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of George E. Knarr, late of Liberty Township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above named estate, have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to make known the same without delay.

GETTIG & BOWER, Attorneys, Bellefonte, Pa.
ROSA B. KNARR, Executrix, Blanchard, Pa.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Dwelling house; good surroundings. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—1 good gasoline lighting system. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

MONEY—Money to loan, Houses for rent and real estate for sale.
J. M. KEICHLINE
Bellefonte, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Oroio Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.
T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

AGENTS—A live representative wanted for Bellefonte and vicinity to sell a newly patented office devise that every business man wants. Sells for $1.00; ½ profits. Free sample to workers. Write now. Meilicke Co., 351 N. Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention. Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

Farms for Sale

63 acres, 3 miles from Juniata, good buildings, stock, crops, and machinery for only $5,000.

75 acres, near Grafton, fair buildings, good fruit of all kinds, stock and machinery for $3,500.

113 acres near Spruce Creek, good buildings, orchard, 20 acres wheat, hay and straw for $6,300, cash $3,000.

204 acres, 104 clear, 5½ miles from Huntingdon, good buildings, good timber, orchard, for $5,500, cash $3,000.

126 acres, 1½ miles from paved streets of city, good buildings of all kinds, spring water, fruit, for $9,500, cash $5,000; will exchange for west side property.

147 acres, near Brooks Mills good buildings, good orchard, for $9,500 part cash.

141 acres, 4 miles north of Petersburg, fair buildings, good orchard, for $4,500.

140 acres, ½ mile from McConnelstown, good buildings, timber, fruit, near all level for $5,500, half cash.

143 acres, 2 miles from Roaring Spring, fair buildings, 2 good orchards, $7,5 0, cash $2,500.

178 acres, 75 clear, 2 miles from Mapleton, good buildings, for $5,500, cash $3,500.

130 acres, 1½ miles from Bellwood, fair buildings, old and young orchard, for $4,700, cash $1,800, possession in 30 days.

260 acres, 2 miles from Spruce Creek, good outbuildings, 2 orchards, level, running water, for $12,750 half cash.

120 acres, 2 miles from Petersburg, good buildings, good orchard, spring water, for $4,000.

153 acres, 2 miles from McConnelstown, good buildings, orchard, level, for $4,500, cash $2,500.

100 acres, 3 miles from Alexandria, good buildings, good orchard, water in house for $3,500, cash $2,000.

Write us your wants. We have many large and small farms for sale; also city property. We option and sell farms, timber lands, city property lots or anything in real estate.

Altoona Real Estate Brokers

Rooms 30 and 31, Goldschmid Building
11th Ave. and 12th St., Altoona, Pa.
R. C. CORRELL, - - J. S. BAYER
Bell phone, 1644

A Clever Ruse

It Was Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

By WARREN MILLER

The first time I saw Daisy she was coming over her father's broad acres on a horse whose lope was very like a rocking chair. She was riding astraddle with divided skirts. No other woman on the ranches thereabout would ride in any other costume. Barker was riding beside her, and the two made a very handsome pair. The brim of his sombrero was flattened against his forehead by the wind, a lariat hung at his saddlebow, and his splendid figure was revealed by his costume—viz, flannel shirt and trousers, with boots to his knee.

Daisy had gone out from the east with her father, who became a sheep raiser, and she had become fascinated with ranch life. Unfortunately she had conceived a romantic idea of the genus cowboy, and, Barker being physically a perfect type, she had persuaded herself, or, rather, he had persuaded her, that he was just the man for her. I say "unfortunately" because he was not an educated man and in every way beneath her. There were other features about him to render him undesirable which will appear presently.

The couple passed me, all of us saluting, though they were unknown to me, and I rode on to the ranch house, where I had business with John Nolan with reference to a large purchase of wool. While dickering with him on his veranda, up the roadway came the couple I had met and alighted at the foot of the steps. Throwing their bridle reins over a post, they walked up on to the veranda. Then I learned that Daisy was Nolan's daughter.

As the pair passed into the house I noticed a cloud flit over the face of the girl's father. I knew by Barker's bearing toward her that he was in love with her, and I judged that his attentions were not relished by Nolan. But he said nothing to me then, and we went on with our dickering. When I arose to go he said:

"There's no place about here in which you will be comfortable except my house. Send for your traps."

I accepted the invitation, especially as I was pleased at being under the same roof with Miss Daisy. I knew she had a lover, but my attraction for her did not then go so far as to intend to come between them. I merely liked the idea of being near her during my stay.

But I stayed a good while, and it was not very long before she and I each made a discovery. I discovered that I wanted her, and she discovered that she didn't want Barker. Meanwhile I found out something else—that he had become frightfully jealous of me and if I took her away from him he would probably kill me. At first he and I spoke to each other when we met either on the ranch or elsewhere. Then he only noticed me at the Nolan house.

I thought it best after awhile to remove to the (so called) hotel, a mile from Nolan's. If anything happened between Barker and myself I preferred that it should not happen under Nolan's roof. So one day I removed my luggage to my new quarters.

One morning I was sitting on the porch of the hotel smoking a briarwood pipe. Barker came out of the barroom, where he had been drinking, and took a seat about thirty feet from me. I didn't know he was there till, turning my head, I saw him out of the corner of my eye sighting his revolver at me.

Naturally I started.

"Hold on there," said Barker. "Your pipe makes a fine target. We don't allow people to smoke such expensive pipes out here."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when I felt a faint tick on the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of a gun and knew that a bullet had passed through the pipe.

"Hold up!" he growled as I was about to rise. "Your pipe won't draw with a hole in it, but it's still a mighty good target."

I snatched a look at him. He was evidently under the influence of liquor. I felt sure that if I didn't let him shoot at my pipe he would shoot at me and nerved myself to stand another shot. Indeed, this was all I could do, for I was unarmed. But a cold chill ran down my back and a cold sweat stood out all over me. Nevertheless I put up a pretty good front. I sat with comparative composure, occasionally letting a faint cloud of tobacco smoke escape from between my lips, but not daring to move a hairbreadth for fear of interfering with the man's aim.

Several persons from inside the hotel, having heard a shot, came out to discover who had been killed. They arrived just in time to see the second shot and the top of the bowl of my pipe cut off. They at once took in the situation, and, seeing me coolly puffing, not knowing my internal condition, they cried out, "Good pluck, stranger!" "Steady nerve!" "He ain't no tenderfoot!" and such like compliments.

Presently a third shot shattered what was left of the bowl of my pipe, and only the stem remained in my mouth. Whether my nerve made Barker half ashamed of himself or that he was headed off by the admiration of the others I don't know, but he desisted from further shooting. I fancy, however, he was satisfied with what he had doubtless intended for a warning that if I took Daisy Nolan away from him I would have to face sure death. The witnesses urged me to go in and have something, but I declined, saying that I was anxious for a smoke and would go upstairs for another pipe. The truth is I wanted a chance to go where I could, unobserved, give way to my feelings for a few moments, they having been controlled only by a most desperate effort.

When I was alone I staggered to the bed, fell on it and for a few minutes trembled like a leaf. But when I began to recover I started to get mad at the same time. Men will fight more desperately for a woman than for any other cause, and it occurred to me that, Daisy being the bone of contention, if she preferred me either Barker or I must die. I spent some time considering what to do, then went to the ranch, intending to offer myself to Daisy. If she refused me I would leave the field at once to all suitors. If she accepted me I would have it out with Barker.

I found Miss Daisy very much excited. She had heard of Barker's shooting escapade and had turned bitterly against him. I told her that I wanted her and if she wanted me I was willing to settle the matter between Barker and myself. Her reply was all I could have asked for, but she positively forbade my coming into collision with my rival. I told her frankly that I believed he would kill me if I married her and that the matter had better be settled before the wedding. Being a woman, she wished to get round the matter by subterfuge and for the time being would consent to nothing definite.

Daisy was very fond of an old rancher called Jake Huchins. To her he was "Uncle Jake." A day or two after Barker's shooting, as I was riding over the country on horseback, Huchins came up behind me and ambled alongside of me.

"I hearn about the shootin' o' your pipe outen your mouth," he said. "Little Daisy was tellin' me about it."

"Oh, it was Miss Nolan who told you, was it?"

"Yes. And, what's more, she asked me to suggest some way o' settlin' the matter without blood spillin'."

"That's impossible," said I.

"So I thort at fust, but arter awhile I thort of a plan. Barker's mighty proud o' his shootin', and he's pretty much made up his mind that he's lost Daisy. I reckon he'd agree to settle the matter by a trial o' skill between him and you."

"I'm no shot. Such a contest would give Miss Daisy to him, and she doesn't want him."

"Not so fast. You don't need to be much o' a shot. Could you hit a hen's egg at twenty feet?"

"I might hit one, perhaps, in two or three shots."

"Well, I give Daisy my plan, and she's decided to try it. Here's a note for you, and here's a note for Barker. Whichever hits a hen's egg with a forty-two the most outen five shots she'll marry."

He handed me a note to that effect from Daisy and showed me another he was commissioned to deliver to Barker.

"Do you consent?" he added, drawing rein.

"Yes," I said. "I consent to anything Daisy desires."

Without waiting for more he turned about and rode back in the direction whence he came.

The next day Uncle Jake informed me that Barker had gladly agreed to the terms.

On the appointed day I made my appearance at the barn, wondering what was to be the upshot of this singular contest. I found an egg suspended over a basket by a fine thread. I won the toss and with it the right to fire five consecutive shots at the eggs. I missed the first and the fourth, but smashed the eggs on the second, third and fifth. For my life I could not see why I had not lost. It would be nothing for Barker to hit the eggs every time.

A new egg was attached to the thread for him to shoot at, and, whipping out his revolver, he fired with apparent carelessness. He was surprised to see the egg oscillate violently, but the shell was not broken. The next time he fired he took careful aim, but with no better success. He was thunderstruck. Since I had hit the egg three times he could now only tie me.

Barker aimed long and carefully at the center and sent the egg bobbing, but still the shell was unbroken. Flinging his revolver on the barn floor, he strode away.

I knew that Barker had been tricked, but could not conceive how. It appeared to me that nothing could be more fair than the trial. I asked Uncle Jake how he had managed to let me, a poor shot, beat the best shot in the territory. He would not tell me how it was done.

Barker was never seen there again. Daisy had induced him to sign a promise that if I beat him he would leave the field clear for me.

I married Daisy and took her east with me. She said she had had enough of the wild west and had no further use for cowboys, not considering them the romantic creatures she had thought them when she first went to the country. She learned the secret of the shooting match from Uncle Jake the day we were married and told it to me on our wedding journey. The meat had been taken from the egg Barker shot at, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the wind of the ball. To hit it was impossible.

Uncle Jake had learned the trick from a prestidigitator who had passed through the locality with a traveling circus.

LEARN TO SAVE MONEY.

Banking Merely a Dollar a Week Is a Good Investment.

"It is mighty hard," said an unfortunate workingman some time ago to the writer, "to save up a thousand dollars by laying aside a dollar or two a week and then to take it out of the savings bank and lose it to a get rich quick swindler, as I have just done."

The poor fellow could work and save, but he had not had even a kindergarten education in finance, else his story would have been different. He had never given a thought to interest and so was absolutely ignorant of growth through compound interest and, of course, had never heard of that wonderful process of accumulation known as "progressive compound interest."

One dollar deposited in a savings bank that pays 4 per cent will amount to $2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. Now, if you deposit $1 every year for twenty years, or $20 in all, the sum to your credit will have grown to $30.97.

Any wage earner can put by $1 a week. That money deposited in a savings bank for twenty years will have increased to $1,612. A deposit of $5 a week will have grown to $8,000, and this at 4 per cent will be $320 a year. There is no secret, no mystery, about this. It is as clear as the cloudless sun, and the method is just as clean and honest.—Christian Herald.

HOW THINGS DO CHANGE!

Modern Improvements In the Lifetime of One Observer.

In the American Magazine Irvin S. Cobb has an article entitled "Looking Both Ways From Forty," in which he says:

"I've seen the Kansas cyclone find a worthy successor in Billy Sunday. I was present on the spot, so to speak, when the audible celluloid cuff, E. P. Roe, the pug dog, the congress gaiter, the hammer gun, the safety bicycle, the mustache cup, parchesi, the catcher who took 'em off the bat with his bare hands, the peach kernel watch charm, the pousse cafe, the operation for dehorning the human appendix and the Dowie movement gave way, inch by inch, to the spitball, the automatic ejector, the rest cure, the cold storage egg, Henry Ford, the cabaret, Orville and Wilbur Wright, eat-and-grow-thin, pay-and-grow-thinner, rural free delivery, the imported Scotch niblick, Elinor Glyn, middling meat at 42 cents a pound and stewed prunes at 4 bits a portion in any first class restaurant.

"And if I have luck I shall no doubt be an eyewitness to the fading away of these things into the background of the past and the oncoming of yet more timely evidences of the onward and upward march of progress, following along, one behind the other, in a mighty procession."

Warding Off Old Age.

A famous French general when asked how it was that he had such an erect carriage replied that it was because he bent over and touched the floor with his fingers thirty times every day. If he had acquired rigidity of the spine so that he could not do that he would have had with it weak abdominal muscles, which result in portal congestion. This portal congestion interferes with stomach digestion and with the action of the liver. The poison destroying power of the liver is lessened, autointoxication results, and arteriosclerosis and old age come on at a much earlier day. But by keeping the spine flexible and the abdominal muscles strong and taut the portal circulation is kept free and old age is held off.

Kid Gloves and Paper Collars.

The Twelfth corps of the Army of the Potomac was named "kid gloves and paper collars" by the Fourteenth corps of the Western army, owing to the West Point discipline of the Twelfth corps, which was the natural result of having been commanded first by Mansfield and then by Slocum, with as subordinate commanders such men as Williams, Hamilton, Gordon, Ruger, Andrews, Hawley and others. —Magazine of American History.

Mats For Potted Plants.

Leftover pieces of oilcloth or linoleum can be cut any shape or size and by being painted or varnished make excellent mats for potted plants and flowers. They can be painted any desired color and are easily cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth. These mats prevent the porch or stand from being scratched or stained by the pots.

Absinth.

Absinth, the most harmful and even fatal intoxicant, is made from a blue-green oil that is obtained from artemisia absinthium, a member of the wormwood family. Several less harmful species of artemisia grow throughout California.

Kept Her Word.

Polly—Mrs. Dashaway used to say she wouldn't marry the best man living. Dolly—Well, she has the satisfaction of knowing she didn't.—New York Times.

Cashing Him In.

Woman—I want a divorce. Lawyer—And how much alimony? Woman—One hundred per. I wouldn't let him go for less.—Town Topics.

Sorry He Spoke.

Knagg—A woman's work is never done. Mrs. Knagg—Especially when her work consists in trying to make a man of her husband.

Lost Bones.

The Cat—Nice muzzle you're wearing, Sport. Cost much? The Dog (sadly)—About five bones a day!—Life.

An Appalling Moment

A Russian Soldier Meets Something More to Be Dreaded Than Battle

By ELINOR MARSH

Peter Nichialief was a soldier in the Russian army, fighting with the troops near Riga, which is in the northwestern part of the empire. Peter was wounded, having lost an eye in battle, and was discharged from the service. So as soon as he was able to travel he prepared to return to his home in the province of Vologda, not far from the Siberian line. He went by rail to Petrograd and there wrote his wife to meet him midway between the capital and his home with a sleigh for the rest of his journey.

Now, Peter had been married two years before and soon after his marriage had marched away to the war. The parting with his young wife was very hard on both him and her. The chances were that he would either be killed in battle or die of disease or be so mutilated as to be a burden to himself if not to others. But now he was on his way home, having lost only one of his eyes, while the other enabled him to keep in touch with the world.

Peter would not have been allowed to keep his rifle had the fact been known. Indeed, he should not have taken it away with him, but he was so attached to it that he could not bear to part with it. He had named it for his wife and carved "Sonia" on the stock. So he carried it with him on his journey home, also a dozen rounds of ammunition.

Peter reached a little town about ten hours' journey from his home in the morning, and his wife was to join him there in the afternoon. Every minute that he waited for her seemed an hour. Just before sunset he heard the tinkling of bells up the road, and a moment later a sleigh appeared driven by Sonia. She pulled up before the inn where Peter was stopping. He jumped into the sleigh and embraced her.

Then Sonia turned to a basket in the rear part of the sleigh and lifted a fur robe and a blanket, exposing the rosy face of a boy a little over a year old.

"Our son?" asked Peter, his face lighting with pleasure.

"Yes; he is our little Peter. I have named him for his father."

The child's eyes opened, and seeing a man's smiling face bending over him he smiled back.

The next morning the sleigh was brought up to the inn, Peter and his family got in and started for home. The wife sat on the back seat with her boy in her arms, while Peter took the reins. The sun shone bright on the snow, but the air was cool and crisp. As Peter drove along his heart was full of gratitude that he had returned to his wife with no greater loss than he had sustained, and there was a great joy in the finding of the little stranger whose coming Sonia had kept from him for a surprise.

The reunited family jogged along, the child lulled to sleep in his mother's arms by the soft tinkle of the sleighbells. The country was sparsely settled, and for a large part of the distance the way led through dense forests. But Peter and his wife were used to that, having always lived in the region.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when they were half a dozen versts from home, suddenly they heard a distant bark. Peter turned and looked his wife in the face, from which the color had receded. Both knew the sound too well as that of a wolf, and they knew the danger.

"If I had only left the child at home!" moaned Sonia.

They at once made preparations for an attack from a pack of wolves. Little Peter was put in the basket and covered with robes. Sonia changed places with her husband, she taking the reins, while he took up his rifle from the bottom of the sleigh and inserted a cartridge in the breach. Then he waited in the back seat for a contest which he felt would very likely come.

The barking continued and drew nearer. Judging from the volume, there must be quite a large pack. Presently a wolf was seen emerging from the wood beside the road. Sonia urged on the horse, and the wolf, left behind, followed at a gallop. Peter lifted his rifle to his shoulder.

When the ex-soldier had last aimed that gun it was at a line of Germans crossing a field. Although a well armed human enemy was advancing upon him and his comrades, he did not feel the fear that oppressed him now. Then he was a part of an army defending Russia; now he was alone and the lives of his dear wife and child were dependent upon him, and him alone. As to his own life he had become used to risking that.

Nevertheless he kept his nerve. He remembered that he had only a dozen cartridges and might have to repel a hundred wolves. He had fought the Germans when all his ammunition had been exhausted and knew the helplessness of one so situated. If he ground his teeth then, what would be his feelings should his dozen shots be exhausted now before he could drive off the wolves or reach home?

Peter was by no means ignorant of defensive warfare against wolves. He reserved his fire, while the brute followed in his wake, and when it approached too closely Sonia whipped up the horse and gained a little on it. Meanwhile wolves were pouring from the woods into the road behind the sleigh. They were yelping and snarling and tumbling over one another, but always keeping their fierce eyes on the object containing what would appease their hunger, for it was near the end of a long winter, and they were famished.

Finally the pack, now united, pressed so closely upon the sleigh that Peter felt it necessary to kill the leader, knowing that there would be a scramble for his dead body, which would occasion some delay. Peter was a good shot and put a bullet between the eyes of the foremost wolf. The beast dropped dead, and, as Peter had expected, many of the brutes pounced upon the body and fought for it. But there were so many in the pack that a number that could not get near the carcass followed on.

A wolf emerged from the wood in advance and made a spring for the horse, which was going at a gallop. Sonia had brought a revolver with her. Its chambers being loaded, she took the reins in her left hand and, drawing the weapon with her right, fired, and the wolf, releasing its clutch on the horse, rolled down into the road. His carcass took off a number of the wolves following.

The yelping and the shots awakened little Peter, who threw off the covering from his face and, realizing that something was wrong, added his own tiny voice to the din. But neither his father nor his mother could spare any time to attend to him, for the former was now forced by the pressing wolves to fire more rapidly, while the latter was emptying the chambers of her revolver upon those that were appearing in the road in front of the sleigh.

Though Peter husbanded his shots as best he could, all were gone at last. Some of the wolves had been killed by him, some had lagged behind, and some had dropped out of the chase altogether. There were now only half a dozen wolves in pursuit, but they were the largest, the strongest and the fiercest of the pack. The leader made a spring for Peter, who brained it with the barrel of his rifle. But in doing so the weapon slipped out of Peter's hand and fell in the road.

While the body of the wolf he had killed was being devoured Peter turned to his wife, put his arms about her and kissed her.

"Goodby, sweetheart," he said.

"What are you going to do?"

"The wolves must have another victim."

"Oh, Peter!"

"It is for you and the child. When the next one springs at me he will take me, but there will be food enough for all of them in my body, and you may escape."

"No; we will die together."

"I will go first. If they require more food it will be your turn next. God grant that I may save you both."

He bent down and kissed his little son; then, standing on the rear seat, was about to jump down into the road when a shot was heard and the foremost wolf fell dead. The rest scattered under shots fired from an unseen enemy.

"Pull up!" cried Peter to his wife.

Sonia drew rein and at the same time several men emerged from the wood on one side of the road.

"We are just in time," said one of them.

But Peter did not hear him; he was locked in an embrace with his wife, while the horse stood panting. Then the mother took little Peter in her arms, while tears of relief flowed fast.

A party of woodsmen working near the road had heard the yelping and the shots and, surmising the cause, had ran toward the approaching din. Having guns and ammunition, the driving off of the remaining wolves was an easy matter.

There was thankfulness in the hearts of Peter and his wife while completing their journey, and as soon as they had reached their home and put little Peter in his crib they fell on their knees side by side and with their arms about each other.

Peter Nichialief's farm was besieged by his neighbors to hear about the war waged so far from them that they got no news of it except when some discharged soldier came home, usually broken down in body and sometimes in mind, to tell them about it. Peter's accounts were listened to in wrapt attention, but on telling of his adventures he always wound up by saying that under the most murderous fire he had never encountered anything so appalling as when the only remaining defense for his wife and boy was his own body thrown as meat to the wolves.

Not long after Peter's return another discharged soldier brought the news that the Little Father had abdicated the throne, and a new era had opened for the Russian empire.

By this time Peter, having become strong again, was seized with a desire to go back to the firing line. That is the singular feature of a soldier's life. While incurring danger many a man pines for safety and the comforts of home, but let him remain inactive for a short period and an irresistible desire comes upon him to get back into those very dangers that had been so intolerable.

Peter would have gone back at once had not Sonia begged him not to leave her, not to tear himself away from their little boy.

Peter listened to her appeals till the import of the stirring events came over him. In the deposition of the czar, the entering of the United States into the contest, he saw a struggle between imperialism and democracy. He believed in the rule of the people, and as one of the people he deemed it his duty to go on fighting for their cause. Then he went back.

AIMING A BIG GUN.

A Task In Which Figure Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics.

Today there is about as much difference between aiming a big gun and aiming a rifle as there is between sailing a superdreadnaught and sailing a steam yacht. It was not very long ago, however, that a gun was aimed similarly to a rifle in that the direction in which it was pointed was obtained by sighting along its barrel.

But now things are not done that way. The gunners are often far out of sight of what they are shooting at, and the remarkable hits that they make are only explained by the use they make of careful scientific calculations.

To direct the fire of one of the bigger guns, for example, requires that no less than fifteen complicated corrections be made, says Popular Science Monthly. Each correction requires an average of five adjustments, all of which must first be exactly figured out by those in command. The most important corrections which are made are for the influence of the resistance of the air, the influence of the earth's curvature and the attraction of gravity on the distance the bullet may be carried.

In place of the guesswork of previous times is the use of the most advanced developments in the fields of mathematics, physics and chemistry.

HAITI CLEANS HOUSE.

Changes That Were Brought About by the American Occupation.

Five years ago in Haiti there was on the whole island not more than one mile of macadamized roadway, and the new streets, taking the place of combination trails and sewers, are the most noticeable changes brought about by the American occupation.

But more remarkable than the streets is the astonishing sight of squads of Haitians actually cleaning the streets. Under the old regime the chief occupations of the male citizens of Haiti were cockfighting and politics.

The refuse and smells have departed, and, better still, most of the children have disappeared from the streets. They are actually at school, where by Haitian law they are supposed to be, but where by Haitian lawlessness only about 10 per cent of them ever used to be.

About 4 o'clock every week day you will see this newly mobilized infantry coming home in squads clean and, unfortunately for the picturesque value of Haitian highways and byways, now thoroughly provided with clothes.—World's Work.

Humor Found Everywhere.

Among those pre-eminently gifted with humor were Abraham Lincoln, Disraeli, Goethe and Heine, the late Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour, Dickens, Thackeray, Fielding, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII., Charles II., Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Emerson and Byron. The only persons who lack it altogether are madmen. Criminals as a whole are never without it. There is the case of one murderer at the bar in London who on being asked if there were any reason why sentence of death should not be passed upon him replied, "No; I am disgusted with the whole proceedings." Another in a similar situation on being asked whether he had a last request to make said, "Well, I should like to learn to play the piano."—Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Pleasures of Irritability.

Learn how to be irritable. When any one says anything to you always imagine he is trying to insult you. Few appreciate the innocent enjoyment to be had in snapping and snarling at those we meet through the day. Have things get on your nerves. If things get on your nerves you will find it an easy matter to be sour and surly. After awhile you will find that most anything gets on your nerves, especially people who are happy and cheerful. The idiots! Some people are born irritable, others acquire it, and they all should have curses cussed upon them. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Torpedoes From a Submarine.

The torpedo from a submarine can be fired either while the submarine is on the surface or completely submerged. Usually a submarine comes within ten feet of the surface, with only the periscope showing, and discharges its torpedo. If there is danger of the submarine being fired upon by the ship the submarine gets the proper position of the ship, submerges itself completely and then fires.

Well, No, We Hadn't Noticed It.

Have you ever noticed how an extremely fat woman always acts as if she was very much afraid some one was going to steal her and how an extremely thin girl always acts as if she was afraid some one wasn't?—Detroit News.

Too Much.

"Why did you quit that barber?"

"Well, I didn't like him. Every time he moved my head he wanted to use my ears as handles."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Shopping.

First Lady—Mrs. Smith is too young to go shopping alone. Second Lady—What is that? First Lady—She's liable to get excited and buy something.

Immune.

Ella—There goes the luckiest girl alive. Bella—In what respect? Ella—Nothing she eats makes her fat.—Harper's Bazar.

"Yesterday," said the sage, "is dead; forget it. Tomorrow does not exist; don't worry. Today is here; use it."

PROJECTS HAVE A WAR FLAVOR

Conflict With Germany Brings New Legislation.

PATRIOTISM ACTUATES MOVES

Beyer Bill to Protect Officials Who Enlist is Passed—Bill Presented to Prevent Game Hunting During War and Resolution Appears for Drilling of Legislators.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 22.—Hardly a day goes by without producing something of a "war" flavor for consideration by members of the legislature. If it isn't a resolution reaffirming a loyalty pledge it is a new proposition to place Pennsylvania in the vanguard of patriotic effort during the trouble with Germany.

A bill presented by Senator Stewart, of Green, would prohibit all game hunting in the state during the war. It is set forth in a preamble to the bill that this should be done to prevent the indiscriminate use of firearms under the guise of hunting game; also that the use of cartridges for hunting tends to decrease the supply of ammunition for the use of the United States and her allies.

The legislature has passed the Beyer bill providing that the parents of all appointive officers and employes of the state and of every county, municipality and school district who enlist or are drafted into the army, shall be paid one-half of their salaries during such service, not exceeding $2000 a year. Also, it prohibits the removal of such officers and employes during this service. If there are not other persons authorized by law to perform the duties of such officers or employes substitutes may be employed. A substitute is to receive only the remaining one-half of the salary, on the ground that the man who remains at home should make a sacrifice.

Would Drill Members.

Representative West, of Montour, would have every member of the legislature trained for military duty. He introduced a resolution directing that they assemble every morning for instruction from Major Q. O. Reitzel, one of the Lancaster members. The resolution authorizes Reitzel to organize squads and appoint officers, and invites the senate to join the house in the movement.

Meanwhile the war board, consisting of Governor Brumbaugh, Lieutenant Governor McClain, Treasurer Kephart, Auditor General Snyder and Adjutant General Stewart, are holding many meetings for the purpose of whipping things into shape for the adequate defense of Pennsylvania in case matters become critical. Preparedness is the watchword of this board. Members of the committee for public safety and defense, headed by George Wharton Pepper, of Philadelphia, consulted with the war board last week and the two bodies intend to work in complete accord until all danger passes.

Two Mine Cave Bills.

Two mine cave bills providing different procedure to solve the problem confronting the anthracite region in general and Lackawanna county in particular, will be considered by the members of the house at the same time. The mines and mining committee of the lower branch has decided to report out both the Scarlet and Ramsey bills for the legislators to decide which should become a law or which should be accepted by the house members as the better solution.

This action followed a lively meeting of the joint senate and house committees, which was also attended by three members of the Tener mine cave commission and others interested in surface protection. The cave-in commission members present were W. L. Connell, E. J. Lynett and J. Benjamin Demmick.

A bill raising the license fee for several classes of motor cars is being sponsored by Senator Buckman, Bucks county.

The bill would provide the state with about $500,000 additional revenue in the next two years.

Motorcycle licenses remain at $3. Motorcycles with side cars attached are increased to $5, and the minimum for automobiles is made $10, instead of $5.

The fee would be $15 for less than fifty horse-power, and $20 for all cars of more than fifty. Solid-tired autos are to pay the same license fee as at present. Dealers' licenses would be $10 and a new $5 license is required for dealers in motorcycles.

The rule regulating the age of drivers has been changed from a minimum of eighteen to sixteen. Paid operators will pay a $2 license fee, as formerly, but more than 67,000 unpaid operators in the state will have to take out a license from the state costing $1.

The bill has a requirement that would wipe out crooked road "traps," maintained in many districts, where "Danger—Blow Your Horn" and "Run Slow" signs are erected but partly concealed. Such signs must be erected at right angles to the highway and clearly visible.

LEGISLATURE ON ITS LAST LAP

House Sets Date For Final Adjournment.

APPROPRIATION BILLS OUT

Measures Carrying Many Millions Reported to House and Chairman Woodward Tells Why Sums Are Not Larger—Adjournment Resolution Not Yet Acted on by Senate.

Harrisburg, Pa., May 22.—With a resolution through the house fixing adjournment day on June 14 and the first batch of appropriation bills reported out of house committee, it may be said that the legislature is now on its last lap. The appropriation bills now on the calendar touch institutions in all sections of the state and carry appropriations of many millions.

REPRESENTATIVE WM. J. BRADY.

A First Term Member Whose Activity Is Attracting Favorable Attention.

Chairman James Woodward, of the appropriation committee, is not specially optimistic over the success of revenue legislation, the passage of which would mean increased sums to deserving hospitals and homes.

"We are using the greatest caution in the matter of recommending appropriations," said Mr. Woodward a few days ago, "lest revenue legislation will not be forthcoming to meet increases that the committee might be disposed to grant. Every member of the committee is heartily in favor of liberality towards hospitals, both state and semi-state. But, as already stated by me many times this session, it would be not only unbusinesslike but a foolhardy act for the committee over which I preside to report out for passage bills carrying a larger total than the state will have to spend. If we should do this, it will become the obvious duty of the governor to use his veto power, and this the committee is anxious to make unnecessary.

Not Loose With Appropriations.

"In connection with appropriations to hospitals, I desire to call attention to one thing we have found out during our investigation the past four months," continued Mr. Woodward. "It is this: hospitals receiving state aid are being conducted in a careful and businesslike manner. Of course, here and there we have found loose methods in vogue, but speaking generally, but little criticism can justly be directed at Pennsylvania hospitals. Criticizing hospitals and the manner in which they are run is a favorite pastime with many persons, but the members of this committee are not among this number. In voting for appropriations legislators may safely feel that nearly every dollar that goes to homes and hospitals will be expended legitimately."

As to the adjournment resolution there is no assurance that the senate will give the June 14 date favorable consideration. The resolution is now in the senate committee on executive nominations with no prospects of being reported out in the immediate future. Many of the senators are discussing June 21 as the proper day to close the legislature, while a few insist that the work cannot be done before one week later, or June 28. There is another element in the upper branch which favors a recess for six weeks from June 21, and advance as a reason for such action the war crisis and the possible necessity for the legislature to be in session to meet emergencies.

Quorum Was Present.

One day last week Speaker Baldwin ordered a call of the house when the question of a lack of quorum was raised on a motion to adjourn until 9.30 instead of 11.30 the following morning. It was the first call of the house since the 1913 session, which precipitated some fistic clashes.

The result of the call showed 111 members in their seats and this number being seven more than a quorum, it was not necessary to send sergeants-at-arms throughout the state to arrest and bring to Harrisburg absent representatives.

LIFE ON A WARSHIP

Home, Workshop, School, Club and Theater All In One.

RULE OF RIGID DISCIPLINE.

Laxness Is Not Tolerated, Because Responsibility Rests Upon the Shoulders of Every Man on Board—The Duties From Captain to Seaman.

The modern battleship is probably the most complete and complex machine man has ever produced, and, though the picturesque features which surrounded the wooden man-of-war of years ago have gone, their place has been taken by features a thousand times more interesting and inspiring.

The modern battleship is the last word in a cold, brutal fighting machine that is also a home for a thousand men—a machine that fairly radiates personality and proves itself both a workshop and a self supporting community, able not only to clothe and feed, teach, employ and amuse those who live in it, but also to supply virtually everything that the average man's comfort or interest demands. Truly the modern battleship offers community life developed to the highest degree.

Probably, too, there is no more complete and startling proof of the value of rigid discipline, drill and co-operation for maintaining not only efficiency, but also safety, than that given on a battleship.

Responsibility rests on the shoulders of every man on board, and vital responsibility rests on the shoulders of many hundreds among the thousand.

That is why practical, not theoretical, training is necessary, why the maneuvers at Guantanamo are the most valuable side of naval life, why laxness is not tolerated. Too many million dollars' worth of property and too many hundreds of lives are at stake to permit of inefficiency or carelessness.

With such a complexity of duties in mind as fall to every man from common seaman to captain, one may readily understand why the government wants only its best and most intelligent among the young men of the country in its navy.

At the top, with full command and responsibility, stands the captain, the administrator. He is perhaps as near an absolute monarch when at sea as the civilized world offers.

After the captain comes the executive officer, on whose shoulders his chief places responsibility for maintaining the general and military efficiency of the ship. He is the captain's representative, and to him every question is referred. The heads of departments and all officers and men are under his direct orders.

Under the executive officer, who may have one, of several ranks, but on the larger ships is likely to be a lieutenant commander, comes the first lieutenant. To him are delegated the care and order of the vessel. In short, he is "the housekeeper."

Then, day and night, some officer must be in temporary and full charge of the deck. His headquarters are on the bridge. He is known as the officer of the deck. On these officers rests the main executive control.

At the heads of the various departments are the medical and pay officers, the officer in command of the marines, or "sea soldiers;" the chief engineer, who has charge of the motive machinery and lighting and heating plants; the navigator, the gunnery or ordnance officer, who is responsible for the real work for which the ship is built—that of destruction—and the chaplain. These men, with their direct subordinates, down to the younger ensigns, form what is called the wardroom mess.

The captain, however, dines alone. Other messes, or "families," dining together are those formed by the junior, the warrant and the petty officers.

Divided up among the various departments of the ship are the warrant officers and the petty officers of many classes and grades. The boatswain and his mates, acting under the executive officer and lieutenant, have charge of the decks, anchors and cables. They summon the crew to its duties by whistle and pass on all orders to the men. They are the experts in seamanship.

The gunners and their mates have charge of the ship's ordnance and electrical equipment, under the ordnance officer or his division officers.

The carpenters and their mates have as their duty the maintenance, in good condition, of the ship. The quartermaster and his assistants come under the navigator and see to the carrying out of all orders which have to do with navigation. The masters at arms act as ship police. The yeomen form the clerical force in the different departments. Coxswains act as boat crew commanders.—Richard Smith in Leslie's Weekly.

An Arizona City of Distances.

Mesa (Ariz.) streets are eighty feet wide, and every block comprises ten acres. A residence building site there averages about an acre. When you ask an address in Mesa and the obliging inhabitant directs you to walk six blocks it doesn't sound far, but you realize the distance before you arrive. Mesa was laid out by Mormons, who favored unusually wide streets for attractiveness and who made the ten acre blocks in order that every family might be more or less self sustaining in time of Indian raids, when the family garden might be the only source of food.—El Paso Herald.

Falsehood may have its hour, but it has not the future.—De Pressense.

OUR NATION'S HEAD

The Irksome Etiquette of Office to Which He Is a Slave.

DIGNITY IS THE WORST BORE.

The President Is Always on Exhibition, and He Can Never Relax, For That Would Not Be Good Form—Must Use Discretion In Making Calls.

Few people ever stop to think what a captive of convention and dignity a president really is, writes David Lawrence in the Century Magazine. The city of Washington is not his accustomed residence. It is, in fact, the home town of few, being simply a house of transients, and in the later years of life intimate friends are not easily made.

Therefore, unless the new president has previously lived amid Washington's migratory population and is acclimated to the city's periodic changes, he finds himself alone in a strange environment, a cold atmosphere depressing to the newcomer.

Even after he has made friends he cannot call upon them casually or at random. Form, that ancient regulator of Washington life, is the immediate barrier. Discretion is another.

The president may drop in on his friends now and then, but not too frequently. Such visits, unless distributed with calculating foresight, are apt to be misunderstood, and it is difficult to discriminate.

So the new president must at once detach himself from private life, primarily because disinterested men are few. Somebody is always wanting something from the president.

Mr. Taft went about Washington freely, for he had lived there several years before being elected to the presidency. But the general criticism of him was that he spent too much time socially, and his defense, it will be remembered, was that the White House was a lonesome place. Mr. Roosevelt provided his own recreation—boxers, wrestlers and rough riders—but these were exceptional diversions, revealing, indeed, the artificiality of a president's position.

Though before his election to the presidency a president may have been a sociable fellow, may have liked upon occasion to drop in at a club, lounge in the reading room or recline in an easy chair enveloped in smoke rings and gossip, he cannot now be a clubman in that sense. Even if he so desired he would not find time for it and do his work conscientiously.

Mr. Wilson plays golf, for instance, but rarely if ever stays longer at the clubhouse than is necessary to pass through it to a waiting motorcar. He used to be fond of the University club of New York and frequently as president elect went there to write personal letters or to read magazines.

Doubtless he would now like to lose himself for hours in the retreat of a library, but he cannot; he is never completely alone. He is like one under arrest, always guarded, always protected, always awkwardly aware of his own troublesome presence. * * *

The president must always be on his dignity. He can never relax. He cannot sit in the orchestra or in the balcony of a theater away from everybody's staring glances. He cannot laugh too uproariously; he cannot fail to applaud. He is constantly on exhibition.

Dignity, after all, is the most terrible punishment that is inflicted on a president. He is constantly reminded of it wherever he goes. When he travels he must appear at all the railroad stations that he passes through, lest the impression get abroad that he is undemocratic. He may be tired or sleepy—it makes little difference, for he must be seen.

It is not sufficient that the president modestly follow the ways of the ordinary man. He finds himself hedged about by the knowledge that, while a private citizen can walk the streets at will, gaze in the shop windows and move about unmolested, the president cannot go anywhere without finding a big crowd tagging at his heels and a number of people pressing forward to shake hands.

Cooking Potatoes.

There are only two correct ways to prepare potatoes for digestion. The one is to boil them with their coats on, and the other is to bake them in the oven with their jackets on. Twenty-five per cent nourishment this way; only 6 per cent if prepared in any other way.—Los Angeles Times.

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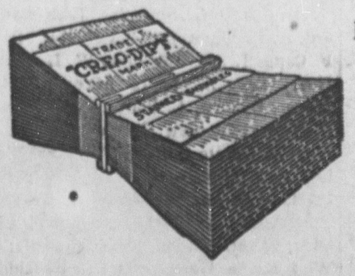

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SURGERY FOR AUTO TIRES.

Be Sure There Are No "Broken Bones" Before Mending the Surface.

Surgery for a tire, in so far as it affects only the tread or skin, is simple, but after a rupture of the surface you should make certain that no "bones have been broken" before proceeding with the treatment. It must be remembered that the layers of canvas cemented together—in a fabric tire—or the individual layers of cord—in a cord tire—form the main supporting skeleton, or framework. The rubber tread merely protects this framework from wear, as the tough skin on the ends of the fingers protects the bones and delicate nerves.

It often happens that a cut from a sharp stone or piece of glass is sufficiently severe to penetrate the entire thickness of rubber covering on the tire and to extend through to one or two layers of canvas. If under these conditions only the surface is vulcanized, or "healed," but little will be accomplished, for the supporting fabric will be weakened at this point through the separation of the one or two layers, and a blowout will eventually result, even though the tire, so far as external appearances are concerned, is perfect at this point.

A cure of this nature requires the services of an experienced tire surgeon, for a new section of fabric must be applied and vulcanized into place, or the broken ends of the cord must be fastened together in a manner requiring more or less expert work.

The same result as a broken bone may be obtained by what is known in tireology as a stone bruise. This is caused by a sudden impact against a blunt object, such as a curved or round corner of a stone, which in itself is not sufficient actually to cut the thread of the tire, but which imparts so severe a strain to the fabric, or carcass, that several of the layers of canvas may be broken or bruised. This is a frequent cause of mysterious blowouts, which seem to come from within a tire having its surface in perfect condition. —H. W. Fleuson, M. E., in Leslie's.

Joy of Gardening.

The profit in gardening is an important matter. Of quite as great importance is it to gain the food for our souls in the delights of gardening. The growth of a plant from the seed is a common thing, yet it is an ever delightful miracle wrought before our eyes. Every unfolding leaf, every blossom, each tiny blade of grass is a joyful miracle and food for the soul. Let us joy in it all. We need joy, much of it, in our lives. The study of beauties of nature is a pure joy that leaves no shadow or sting in its wake.—Milwaukee Journal.

Comes In Handy.

The life insurance policy looks like an expensive and worthless bit of paper until somebody dies, and then it is cash in bank. As Kipling wrote of Tommy Atkins:

"For it's Tommy this and Tommy that
And "chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "savior of his country"
When the guns begin to shoot.

—Exchange.

In Series.

"That man's whole life has been a series of ups and downs."

"How so?"

"He began as an elevator boy, then became a mountain climber, and now is giving balloon ascensions."—Baltimore American.

His Brand of Reform.

Knicker—What sort of reformer is he? Bocker—He wants other fellows to abstain from food to make the price go down while he eats it.—New York Sun.

"It is not work that kills men; it is worry. The revolution is not what destroys machinery, but the friction."

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME! Relieve that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
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Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

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Harry E. Fenlon

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Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Don't forget that Wednesday of next week is Memorial Day.

David Barlett, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday in Tyrone as the guest of his children.

See our price list of groceries advertised in another section of this issue. Cohen & Co.

Bernard McGovern, who is working at Lewistown, spent Sunday with his family, on Lamb street.

Children's Day services will be held in St. John's Catholic church Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

Mrs. Harry Keller returned to Bellefonte Monday after visiting friends in Lancaster and Philadelphia.

Mrs. Victoria Hemner, of Harrisburg, is a guest of Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker, on the corner of Allegheny and Curtin streets.

R. M. Kreamer, who attended the funeral of his son, John Kreamer, on Sunday, left for his home in Beaver Falls on Monday.

N. B. Spangler returned to Bellefonte Saturday afternoon from Titusville where he had been transacting business of a legal character.

Mrs. John W. Kreamer, of east Lamb street, wishes to extend her sincere thanks to her neighbors and friends for their kindness during her bereavemeut.

Miss Cecille de Lagarde, of France, who last week came to visit at the home of Captain Theodore Boal, at Boalsburg, left Saturday afternoon for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Lillie Reeder, wife of the late Col. Wilbur F. Reeder, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday afternoon from Monrovia, Cal., where she has been making her home.

Stanley Valentine, who had been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Valentine, left Bellefonte Saturday afternoon for Syracuse, N. Y., where he is employed.

The following young men from Osceola Mills have joined the Boal Mounted Machine Gun Troop: Conrad Linstrum, Joe Shoskie, Harry Bailety, John Brown, Andy Stofan, John Watkins, Peter Hoopsic, Cyrus Kephart.

Among the visitors in Bellefonte Monday was our good friend Abe Kessler, the enterprising merchant of Millheim. He is one of the business men who always tries to keep up with the band wagon and he gets there every time.

Thursday a special train of six hundred farmers from along the Philadelphia divison of the P. R. R, was taken through to State College. They received instructions as to the most economical methods of raising food especially during these war times.

Monday evening Miss Janet Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Potter, of Bellefonte, was in Tyrone and addressed the Mission Helpers at the home of Miss Grace Burket. Miss Potter is well versed along these lines and made a very inspiring talk.

During the stay of Bishop William F. McDowell, DD., L. L. D., in Bellefonte Friday night and Saturday morning he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Shuey. He left Saturday afternoon for his home much pleased with the reception given him after his masterly discourse in the evening.

Thomas Shaughnessy, who had been working in a glass factory at Port Allegheny, arrived in Bellefonte looking as fine as silk. His occupation takes him away for a few months in a year but the first chance he gets he hies himself back to the old town where his friends are always glad to see him.

Gray Hastings, a graduate of the Bellefonte High school, but now employed at the classification railroad yards at Avis, was a pleasant visitor in Bellefonte as the guest of his father, George Hastings, on north Thomas street. He has been away from Bellefonte for a great many years, thus many of his old associates have left the town.

In the High School auditorum the coming Saturday evening, a team of L. T. L girls will compete for the medal offered for the best declamation. Mrs. F. D. Gardner, Prof. William Day Crockett and Prof. I. L. Foster, all of State College, will assist in providing a very interesting program. To cover expenses the girls are selling tickets at ten cents. Buy one.

Those who are anxions to see a good game of baseball should go to Hughes' field tomorrow Friday afternoon and witness the struggle between the strong team of the Lafayette High school, of Buffalo, N. Y., and the Academy team. They are so evenly matched that last year they played a twelve-inning game and the Academy finally won out by a close score. The game will be called at 2.15.

William J. Dale, of Pine Grove Mills, has been in Bellefonte this week serving as a juror. He is a brother of Clement and A. A. Dale and a man of remarkable vitality, considering he is 84 years of age. He followed farming the greater part of his life and which had a tendency to lengthen his days. He is an abstainer from liquor and tobacco and is reaping the fruits of a well spent life. He is one of Centre county's most highly esteemed citizens.

Robert D. Musser, of Spring Mills, was a welcome visitor in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Cassidy spent Monday in Millheim visiting old time friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McClelland and daughter, of Unionville, spent part of Saturday with friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Leona Maitland, of Williamsport, who had been visiting Miss Jennie Irvin, on north Spring street, left for her home Saturday morning.

Miss Edna Shontz, of Mifflinburg, arrived in Bellefonte Monday afternoon and became a guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert Sechler, on Spring street.

Mrs. William Furey, of Pittsburgh, arrived in Bellefonte Saturday afternoon and remained until Sunday as a guest of Mrs. Morris Furey, on Pine Street.

William Chamberlain, Esq., of Milton, who had been making a short visit in Bellefonte at the residence of his sister, Mrs. A. O. Furst, returned home Friday.

Friday Mrs. Sarah Satterfield left Bellefonte for Pittsburgh. After visiting there for a short time she will go to Columbus, Ohio, and other places in the west.

Capt. Baine Halberstoot, a geologist, of Pottstown, arrived in Bellefonte Friday and remained until Sunday afternoon as a guest of Dr. Joseph M. Brockerhoff.

Apparently Bellefonte is not on the schedule for any large circuses this summer. The only tent show thus far announced for the town is that of Coop & Lentz, billed for here June 2nd.

John Knisely and M. I. Gardner, who have positions at Hyde City, Clearfield county, arrived in Bellefonte Monday afternoon in Mr. Knisely's automobile. They left again Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. William K. McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, was in Danville Wednesday where he assisted in the funeral services of Josiah Gearhart, a member of the church of his former pastorate. The deceased was the father-in-iaw, of Charles Fisher, formerly of Boalsburg. John Fisher, of this place, also attended the funeral.

The annual memorial sermon will be preached by Dr. A. M. Schmidt in the Bellefonte Reformed church next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock. Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., and the Spanish-American war veterans will attend. In addition to the sermon the choir will render patriotic music suitable to the occasion. Troop L, and the P. O. S. of A. are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Malin, of Baltimore, who had been visiting the former's brother, W. L. Malin, in Bellefonte for several days, left for home Monday morning. Often you hear of brothers looking so much alike as to resemble two peas, but this is not one of the cases because they look as different as day and night. S. O. M. has more of the appearance of a Methodist Bishop.

Who says Friday is an unlucky day? For the past two months Charles Heisler, of Bellefonte, has been ill. Friday was his birthday and he was also able to sit up and look out of the window. That's not so bad for a day that some people are so suspicious about as to go so far as to say it belongs only to his Satanic Majesty. Sunday Charley was riding in an automobile with John Cunningham which indicates he is coming along all right.

Lewis Irvin, of Cleveland, Ohio, after spending some time in Unionville as the guest of his brother, Dr. W. U. Irvin, passed through Bellefonte Saturday afternoon on his way home. He had been near death's door with pneumonia and came up among the mountains to recuperate. While in this vicinity he gained in weight and is looking like himself again. He is a brother of Edward Irvin, of this pirce, and at one time was in business here.

Among the out-of-town relatives who attended the funeral of the late John W. Kreamer, Sunday afternoon, were the following: Mrs. J. D. Allison, Roaring Branch, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, Marsteller, Pa.; Mrs. Frank Carner, Hublersburg; Mr. John Wilson, son Perry and wife, of Salona; Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hamel, Warren, Ohio; Mrs. Walter Rupp, Aaronsburg; Mr. M. R. Kramer, Beaver Falls; Mrs. Samuel Bover, Aaronsburg; Mrs. Emil Sass, Jr., Wilkinsburg; Mr. and Mrs. James Sharp, Trafford, Pa., grand parents, of the children, who have taken two of them, Ruth and Jack, to make their home at that place.

Monday morning Mrs. Ray Morgan, of Philipsburg, passed through Bellefonte on her way to Centre Hall to visit her sister, Mrs. S. W. Smith. While there she attended the Centre County Sunday School convention which was held in the Reformed church. Mrs. Morgan was formerly Miss Emma Kuhn who made her home for a number of years among the good people of Boalsburg. Since that time Boalsburg has become a more modern little hamlet but the fond recollections of the days of yore bring back to Mrs. Morgan and her then associates many pleasing remembrances of incidents that happened in the "burg" which made life happy and enjoyable. Mrs. Morgan is a very pleasant woman and still has many warm friends and acquaintances in the town where she spent the early part of her life.

Ira G. Burket, of Stormstown, was foreman of the Grand Jury in court this week.

Genial Phil Womelsdorff, of Philipsburg, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

On May 16th Rev S. E. Stover, of Boalsburg, united in marriage James E. Houser, of Lemont, and Miss Susan S. Bouse, of York.

Miss Helen Musser, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Roxey Crosthwaite, of Altoona, have been visiting at the home of W. C. Coxey for the past week.

Edward Fleming and family and Oliver Witmer, of Altoona, came over to Bellefonte in Mr. Fleming's car and spent Sunday with friends.

A little daughter was born Wednesday to Mr. and Mrs. James Rice. As a consequence Jim is rendering more efficient service than ever at the Moerschbacher restaurant.

John M. Trubiskey, of Snow Shoe, was a pleasant visitor to this office Wednesday afternoon. He says the miners are all working and things are pretty lively on top of the mountain.

Mrs. Chauncy F. York, accompanied by her son, Chauncy F., Jr., who had been visiting her father, Col. Emanuel Noll, and sister, Miss Rebie, left Wednesday afternoon for her home in Detroit, Mich.

There was a flag raising at the Knox school house, Buffalo Run, Sunday afternoon which brought together quite a large number of patriotic citizens of that community. The speakers were J. K. Johnston and S. D. Gettig. During the services Clyde Blackford's car containing his family, Col. H. S. Taylor and C. F. Cook passed along and Colonel Taylor was asked to make an address.

Miss Anne Dashiell, representing the domestic science department, and Harry C. Menold, the Mechanical Art department of the Bellefonte High school, spent Friday and Saturday in Lock Haven as delegates to the conference of the Mountain Arts Association. The splendid art exhibition was highly commendatory to those who did the work and was of remarkable merit. Saturday Jonas E. Wagner, superintendent of the Bellefonte schools, delivered a splendid address which was highly praised by all who had the privilege of hearing his discourse.

Friday afternoon Col. J. L. Spangler left Bellefonte for Washington, D. C., to look after business connected with the Council of National Defense to which he was recently appointed. The headquarters of the order will be at Washington and Col. Spangler has been assigned to the Committee on Labor. It is just in the Colonel's line of work and he will make a most efficient member. Besides this it is a high honor to be selected in such a capacity at such a time. Mrs. Spangler left the same day for Spangler to visit her daughter, Mrs. James A. McClain. Miss Daisy Brisbin has also been visiting in the McClain home.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services for the week beginning May 27: Whit Sunday, the feast of Pentecost, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 8.30 a. m. Mattins (plain). 10 a. m. Church School and Men's Bible Class. 11 a. m. Procession, Holy Eucharist, and sermon, "Celestial Fire." 7.30 p. m. Evensong, and sermon, "The Birthday of the Church." Whit Sunday Monday and Tuesday, 10 a. m. Holy Eucharist. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday are Ember Days, on which the Church requires abstinence, with prayer for those in Holy Orders and for those about to receive them. Friday, 7.30 p. m. Litany, and address. Visitors always welcome. Rev. M. De P. Maynard, rector.

Public Safety Committee.

Monday's papers predict that the present war with Germany will last for three years. Should this prediction be true then the Public Safety Committee of Centre County will have to get on the job and do Centre County's work towards aiding the allies to win. To become a providence of the German Empire would mean the downfall of the greatest republic in the world. It is no laughing matter and everbody in Centre County should be up and doing their little part toward putting to flight the enemy.

The following are the names of the gentlemen who compose the Centre County Public Safety Committee:—Col. W. Fred Reynolds, Col. H. S. Taylor, Judge H. C. Quigley, C. M. McCurdy, George R. Meek, Harry Keller, Edmund Blanchard, Robert F. Hunter, Ellis L. Orvis, Col. J. L. Spangler, John Blanchard, A. F. Showers, Bellefonte; David F. Capp, J. Laird Holmes, W. L. Foster, Harry Leitzell, James Aikens, Robert Foster, Dean R. L. Watt, A. D. Vorse, C. D. Bartholomew, Edward Bailey, E. W. Todd, State College; Ward M. Fleming, C. T. Fryberger, Clarence Johnston, A. Harry Crego, Philipsburg; H. Laird Curtin, Curtin; David Chambers, Clarence; W. M. Allison, Spring Mills; Dr. W. J. Kurtz, Howard; Dr. L. E. Kidder, Boalsburg; S. Ward Gramley, Millheim; Ira G. Burkett, Frank Clemson, Stormstown; Budd Thompson, Martha; Henry Meyer, Rebersburg; J. D. Miller, Hublersburg; A. S. P. Cross, Powelton; T. S. Murray, Lemont; Thomas Budinger, Snow Shoe; Dr. G. H. Woods, Pine Grove Mills; Oscar Miles, Milesburg.

Advertise in "The Republican"

A Wonderful Camp Site.

To make Mt. Gretna ready for the troops expected to be mobilized there, the state is now pressing every effort to complete many of the improvements already under way on the ground. The Cornwall and Lebanon railroad is being double tracked from one end to the other with numerous sidings to expedite the handling of soldiers and supplies. A large wharf for the handling of freight is being built along the lake. The management of the park is also preparing to handle immense crowds. The bathing facilities and dance floor are being enlarged and other amusements are being installed.

Potatoes.

The stem end of a potato is the end that was attached to the vine; the opposite end is the seed end. The seed end might be called the top of the potato and the stem end the bottom. The buds at the seed end swell and grow first.—New York Sun.

His Threat.

"He must be a perfect savage."

"Why?"

"He threatens his wife with his club when they have a difference."

COHEN & CO.
Ready Pay Non Delivery Grocery Dept.

3 packages of Corn Starch	25c
6 " " Argo Starch	25c
4 " " 10c Hershey's Cocoa	30c
P. & G. Naptha soap	05c
Fels Naptha soap	05c
Ivory soap	05c
Star soap	05c
35c Boscul Coffee, steel cut	29c
Macaroni	09c
Noodles	09c
3 cans of Banner Lye	25c
12c loaf of Williamsport Bread	09c
Shredded Wheat, 2 packages for	25c
Post Toasties	09c
Sugar per pound	10c
Flour per sack of 49 pounds	$3.85

Robert, better known here as "Bobby" Lyon, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lyon, with his wife, son and Bert Kirk, of Syracuse, N. Y., have been visiting at the Lyon residence, on east High street. They made the enjoyable trip in Mr. Lyon's large automobile.

New Art Pictures of
WAR PRESIDENTS

Washington, Lincoln, Wilson: allied flags and latest official version of "Star Spangled Banner." Beautiful 5 color design for window display or framing. Postpaid for 10 cents.

U. S. FLAG SEALS

The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
500	"	"	50	"
1000	"	"	80	"

W. H. Keen Company
1 No. Iowa Avenue Atlantic City, N. J.

Victor and Columbia Machines Cleaned and Repaired.

Every Machine should be cleaned and reoiled at least twice a year, to have perfect results, and preserve the life of the machine. Work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

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(Formerly of Phila.)
Four year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.
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Preserves and Cookies

are the mainstay of the majority of household desserts. But there's really no necessity of going to the trouble of making them yourself. Standing over hot stoves is too much work. You'll find everything in that line at the right price in our store. Closed all day Wednesday, May 30th.

Weaver Bros., Grocers
Successors to C. C. Shuey
Watch our windows for specials

"Out of Work, Old Man?" "But the Money Comes In"

JUST THE SAME!"

Takes more than a compound fracture to put you out of the running, when you've an ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY.

Any time any accident comes along, your ÆTNA steps right in and becomes the wage-earner for your family—

With $25 or $50 a week for total disability, according to the nature of the accident; and $12.50 or $25 for partial disability. Payable every four weeks.

If you don't think it comes in fine, just ask my wife. She almost went to pieces until I told her I'd had the good sense to

ÆTNA-IZE

We'd have been up against it for fair. You can't hold off the landlord and the grocer and butcher forever, you know. And I'd hate like sin to have the wife try to earn our living.

As it is, we've wanted for nothing, and the ÆTNA paid my surgeon's bill in the bargain. If I'd gone to the hospital, it would have paid the charges for me there.

In fact, I've gotten such big returns that it's almost a shame to tell how little I pay for the policy.

Take my tip, and get all the facts today from

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

Cattle Pasture

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co. will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1917, under the management of a good competent person. Season from May 1st to October 15th.

TERMS: $1.50 per head per season.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Persons desiring to pasture cattle should make application by letter or telephone to the

LEHIGH VALLEY COAL CO.
Snow Shoe, Pa.

True Economy versus CHEAPNESS

We would advise you to pay $18 for your this summer's suit. Owing to the high cost of woolens and labor it would be false economy not to add a few more dollars and get a suit of good appearance and serviceable material.

Straw Hat Time is Here.

All the newest and up-to-the-minute style in Milans, Splits, Sennits, Leghorns and genuine Panamas are now on display in our store.

To See Them is to Buy Them.

Montgomery & Co.
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